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The Week

A CONFIDENTIAL memorandum by the British Foreign Office to the members of the present Cabinet was made public the other day by the New York World. It contains no statements which are particularly new; its chief value lies in showing the frankness and disillusionment with which diplomats talk, supposedly not for publication, about the present state of things. One half of Europe, according to this document, is at present dangerously angry, and the other half is dangerously afraid. Germany, as soon as she is strong enough, is certain to demand a revision of the Silesian settlement, and of the existing Polish Corridor—a revision which the authors of the memorandum believe to be a just one. France may be expected to stay on the Rhine until she gets from some source an ironclad guarantee of her security. The League of Nations, while it is performing a number of minor humanitarian activities admirably, is helpless in major matters. It cannot prevent any one of the chief European powers from going to war, if such action seems desirable. While Russia at present is more an Asiatic than a European problem, she may come back into Western affairs at almost any time, and the uncertainty as to what she may do weighs heavily on many governments. Great Britain must be guided, in the present unsettled state of things, by strictly selfish policies. It is useless to inaugurate proposals, no matter how valuable, unless public opinion can be marshalled behind them. A salient factor in her policy should be safeguarding the Channel ports. The memorandum therefore concludes that an alliance should be completed with France and Belgium, which would both protect these ports and allay French fears.

THE recommendation of this memorandum, as we already know, has not been adopted. Instead, the government decided to push the proposal for a mutual compact of security in which Germany should be included. Temporarily that project has been endangered by the changes in government in both France and Germany; but in the long run it is on these lines and not by means of any special alliance between England and France that the peace of Europe is to be preserved. Indeed, the terms of this secret memorandum seem to us to argue far more strongly in favor of something like the Protocol of Geneva rather than any less inclusive system of arrangements. The Protocol in its present form has been rejected by the British Empire; but that rejection was due to the fact that clumsy British negotiators had permitted the document to be written exclusively — and unnecessarily — in French terms. Sooner or later, Europe will discover that there is no real security save in a general agreement to preserve a peace which is founded on at least reasonable approximation to justice for all parties. The Treaties of 1919 violated both these conditions; and we have now had nearly six years in which to observe how completely they have failed to establish a satisfactory régime.

THE French determination to involve America in the German reparations proceeds with the inevitability of a glacier. Originally it was hoped that Amer-

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ica might accept payment of her claims upon France in the form of "C" bonds on Germany, paper which nobody ever expected to yield any other returns than complications and disputes. Little by little the idea penetrated the French government that there is no market here for thinly plated gold bricks, and the concession was made that America might exchange her claim on France for a percentage of the receipts under the Dawes plan. The substitution seemed practicable, since Americans affected greater optimism as to the productiveness of the Dawes scheme than prevailed in any European quarter. Nothing came of it. It is dawning upon Europe that the fact that Americans appear optimistic is no sign they will bite. Now at last Caillaux, the "financial wizard," appears to have found a formula. France will pay, on her own, but her ability to pay rests on the German payments. When these come in, a stated sum —tentatively put at $100,000,000—will be remitted to the United States. When Germany fails to pay, we shall get nothing. This relation between German reparations and the payment of the French debt exists only in the world of facts. In the world of logic there is no relation. Caillaux apparently thinks that logic is as satisfying to us as it is supposed to be to Frenchmen.

THE figure of $100,000,000 represents about 2½ percent interest on the French debt to the United States. This implies much more favorable terms to France than England got, and would be likely to cause trouble on that score, even if our government overlooked the fact that we are paying rather more than 4 percent on the money borrowed in behalf of France. The amount Germany must pay before France will feel able to pay anything is over $600,000,000. It will, we believe, be many years before Germany could, with the best of will, raise that sum and find means for transmitting it abroad. Long before her commerce can yield any such surplus of exports the Dawes scheme is pretty certain to be revised downward, partly under the pressure of American financial opinion. If then our government accepted the Caillaux proposal, it would have arranged, in effect, for writing off the French debt while relieving France of the onus of repudiation. We shall put Caillaux at the head of the list of modern wizards if he succeeds in putting over anything like that.

THE war games have been held at Hawaii, and have been followed, as everyone knew they would be, by loud and terrified howls from the naval men that the defenses of the islands are pitifully inadequate. The drydocks are too small, the harbor space is inadequate, the guns aren't big enough or numerous enough, the airplanes are antiquated, the oil tanks are rusting away, and so on. Representative Thomas W. Butler of Pennsylvania announces that legislation will be introduced at the next session of Congress to make Hawaii "the strongest military outpost in the world." All this was to be expected. The Navy never indulges in manœuvres without discovering to its alarm and chagrin that its ships are falling to pieces, that its coast defenses might as well be snow forts, and that its guns are all popguns. The immediate application of large sums of money is always the remedy indicated. Really sensational news would be the return of an admiral to port with news that ships, guns and men were pretty good. He would no doubt be hauled before a commission forthwith to find out whether he was crazy.

THIS sort of thing is not so serious when it takes place *in vacuo*. But when it concerns Hawaii, the sort of publicity at present going on is about as well calculated to do grave harm as anything could be. For of course, defense of Hawaii is aimed at Japan and Japan alone. The bellicose talk of men like Representative Butler comes at a time when that nation is smarting under the humiliation of our new immigration law, and the special legislation in California. It comes while a visit of our fleet to Australian waters is impending—a visit certain to be accompanied by any quantity of loud talk about "white supremacy in the Pacific." Any such action as Mr. Butler and his naval friends propose would certainly contravene the spirit of the Four-Power Treaty, which pledged the United States and Japan to "respect the rights of others in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the Pacific, to accept mediation in case of controversy . . . and to open frank discussions if their rights were threatened by any other power." Ambassador Houghton a week ago delivered a hearty scolding to certain unnamed European powers for occupying themselves with military measures for "security" instead of finding peaceful ways of coming to understandings which will prevent the necessity for an appeal to force. Those to whom it was presumably addressed richly deserved the rebuke: as richly as we should, if we were to pour millions of dollars into fortifications in the Pacific which can only help to make more likely a thoroughly needless and preventable war.

ONE of the gains expected to accrue from the War was the breaking of the German potash monopoly, which rested with excessive weight upon intensive agriculture. The French gained possession of the potash mines of Alsace, and were thus in a position to curb the exactions of the German producers. Monopolists, however, are the true internationalists. The French and German potash men have agreed to sink the Ruhr and the Saar, the undying hostility of the nations and yearnings for a more conclusive war, and have made an amicable arrangement for working the potash market of the world. To be fair, we should state that they assert that it is no

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part of their intention to raise prices. They mean to cut out waste and make their gains by encouraging the use of potash. We should be more prone to believe these assertions if any monopolists anywhere failed to make similar protestations of fair intentions and universal good will.

AMERICANISM is getting on fairly well in America. We draw this encouraging information from the annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union for 1924, just made public. From its pages we learn that "a steady decrease in the active interferences with civil rights characterized the year 1924." There were no free speech prosecutions outside California, and even in that extraordinary state there were none during the latter part of the year. The number of political prisoners dropped from 122 to 98; and "efforts for civil liberty won results more easily than in previous years." Only once in twelve months was military force used in an industrial conflict—at Frankfort, Ky. Of mob violence the number of cases decreased from 80 to 41. There were 16 lynchings, as compared to 28 a year earlier, and only 24 public meetings were stopped, as against 58 in 1923. The Union explains this improved situation as being due

> first to the fact that there were no industrial conflicts of any importance during the year; second, to the presidential campaign when opinion is usually freer; and third, to the increased use of propaganda to attack radicalism. The Senatorial investigation of the Department of Justice also helped by discrediting the Daugherty-Burns red scares and anti-labor activities. . . . The chief active agency of intolerance, the Ku Klux Klan . . . is no less active than it has been in recent years, but it has changed its tactics from terrorism and lawlessness to politics, just as did the American Legion in 1920.

In view of this general situation, the Union is able to change from merely defensive tactics to an "aggressive campaign for tolerance." It will seek during the coming year to secure the restoration of civil rights to those convicted under the espionage act, to have the 98 remaining political prisoners set free, to obtain the repeal of restrictive war legislation and to contest local laws restricting freedom of teaching.

IN THE next session of Congress, the Union will seek to accomplish four chief objectives. The first is repeal of the war-time passport control, under which the Secretary of State issues visas—the situation made famous lately by the case of Count Károlyi. Second is the repeal of the espionage act, which is still on the statute books though most of it is not enforced in peace time. Third comes opposition to the alien deportation bill, which is to be introduced again next December, and would make it possible to deport aliens on the slightest grounds. Fourth, efforts will be made to secure American citizenship for the inhabitants of the Virgin Islands, who are at present without allegiance to any government. These are, we think our readers will agree, thoroughly desirable objectives. The fact that the fight for American principles is being carried on in a better atmosphere does not make the struggle any less important, nor those engaged in it any less deserving of support.

IT IS just as well to remember that tolerance is not necessarily identical with absence of persecution. The general quiet might betoken a change of heart in the American people and their official representatives; or it might mean merely that there is less activity by the kind of persons who get themselves suppressed. This possibility is recognized by the Union. The inquisition has let up, at least in part, because heresy is growing scarce and subtler means of combating it have been discovered. In so far as that is the case, it is not precisely an occasion for rejoicing, unless in thankfulness that the American Civil Liberties Union is in existence and prepared to wage such an offensive.

SOME ugly realities of international relations can be seen raising their heads behind the sessions of the Geneva Conference on Control of the Traffic in Arms. Great Britain, supported by Italy and Japan, has demanded that the list of "controlled articles" shall not include battleships, submarines, tanks and airplanes. The first request was made only for battleships on the ground that the conference seeks, not to prevent the international sale of arms, but to bring it out into the open; and that to sell a battleship surreptitiously is as hard as to kidnap an elephant. This defense of course cannot be applied to airplanes and tanks. If these are to be sold freely without supervision, it is hard to see the usefulness of putting restrictions on any other military device, such as are asked by the United States and Poland in seeking to have poison gas and the use of bacteria prohibited. Moreover, whatever is done about restrictions on certain weapons, it will remain true that the small nations, which do not manufacture arms, will be more or less at the mercy of the big ones. Indeed, if export of arms is forbidden, this condition is intensified.

THE Conference has not seemed quite to know its own mind—whether it intends merely to prevent smuggling of arms, or the whole traffic; whether it should set its face against the use of any weapon regarded as particularly obnoxious, or only disapprove international traffic in these. On the whole, we are in favor of international resolutions outlawing poison gas, germs, the bombing of unfortified cities, and the like; such declarations have some value as propaganda and put on the defensive a nation which subsequently violates their terms. But we do not see how anyone more than seven years old can expect these resolutions to prevent the use of such weapons in war. For it was just seven years ago that we saw the end of a war wherein nearly

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every rule established during the preceding two thousand years was violated under the pressure of real or imagined necessity—and violated by the proudest, richest, supposedly most civilized nations on earth. If we are to allow war at all, candor at least is served if we consent in advance to its horrors. We shall get them anyhow.

WE propose at least three and a half rousing cheers for the Allied Patriotic Societies, Inc., which have just inaugurated a campaign against the use of a lighted torch as a symbol on "literature" advertising meetings of a radical character. The allied patriots feel that displaying such provocative symbols to the weak-minded public is practically the same as warning children not to put beans up their noses. Just so! We blithely wish these worthy souls good speed with their undertaking; and await with excitement and enthusiasm the first step, which will of course be to saw off the arm and hand of a Certain Lady who stands in New York Harbor and scandalously holds aloft one of those reprehensible torches, careless—the non-Nordic, immigrant hussy!—of all the harm it is doing, not only to the thousands who perhaps glance at it inadvertently but to additional thousands who come long distances for the deliberate purpose of exposing themselves to its malignant influence.

DR. YANDELL HENDERSON of Yale, ably seconded by the New York World, has won a signal victory in his fight against tetra-ethyl gasoline. Pending the investigation this month by the U. S. Public Health Service, the manufacturers, as we stated last week, have halted the sale of the product, though of course large stocks still remain in the hands of the retailers to be disposed of. To Dr. H. C. Parmelee, editor of the Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering Magazine, the manner of the crusade is regrettable. "Whatever the merits or demerits of tetra-ethyl lead and ethylized gasoline," he says, as quoted in the press, "the product should not be summarily condemned as a menace to health, nor should the manufacturers be pilloried as inconsiderate profiteers, without a thoroughgoing investigation." For an editor, Doctor Parmelee shows a shocking ignorance of the ways and means by which reforms of this sort are brought about. Without a loud beating of the big bass drum, you cannot get the public to listen at all. Who believes that the forthcoming investigation would have taken place without the hue and cry raised by Doctor Henderson and The World? Or that the manufacturers would have halted the sale of their product without being put under almost irresistible pressure to do so? How many times in all history have manufacturers voluntarily abandoned profitable practices—without legislation, without suffering the lash of public opinion—merely because such practices were, or might prove, harmful to health?

THE insubordination of the present generation of college students has never been more pointedly illustrated than by a recent incident at Indiana University. There, we are told by the New Student, the editors of an undergraduate magazine sent a reporter to the lecture room of "the best advertised" professor in the university. This reporter took down the entire proceedings of the hour and the editors printed them complete under the heading "Learning or Junk?" We have not seen the transcript, which is not to the point anyhow, but the opinion expressed clearly and most vigorously in this headline shows what the students thought about the lecture. Possibly many of our readers will feel that these students were perversely officious, since the quality of their instruction was not their responsibility. But it would be hard to urge that it was none of their business. No one who has ever taught would care to submit to judgment upon the basis of one day's performance selected at random. But this incidental injustice is also a little beside the point. The extraordinary thing is not the impudence or the injustice of the act, but the fact that students should know or care what is the quality of their instruction and feel vividly enough about it to want to do something—even something wildly indiscreet. That spirit is both the most important aspect of the occurrence and the most difficult one for many older people to understand.

SINCE the close of the last session of Congress the Workers' Health Bureau has made a survey of the legislative status of occupational disease, revealing a distinctly unsatisfactory situation. Only four states, it appears, have passed "blanket" occupational disease laws, to wit, California, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin. Six others—Illinois, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, and Ohio—and two territories give protection in a limited number of occupations. Thirty-seven completely ignore occupational disease. More important than the number of states, of course, is the question whether the protected areas include the dangerous industries. From this point of view the absence from the list of such a state as Pennsylvania is most striking. So also is the fact that Illinois, New York, and New Jersey give only limited protection. The Bureau has made a special point of showing the inadequacy of the limited provisions of the law in such a state as New York. There twenty-one diseases are specified. But though many important occupational hazards are included, others are omitted, and in any case no provision is made for just such a calamity as the recent tetra-ethyl lead poisoning cases because this is a new thing not covered by any list however long and however recent. There is no adequate protection from industrial risk by poisoning and infection, save by a law the provisions of which are sufficiently general to include a new menace when it arises. Fortunately the federal law is of this character.

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The Child Labor Amendment's Defeat

THE open season for state legislation is now practically over, and it is possible to infer some conclusions from the record. For instance the Child Labor Amendment to the federal Constitution is undoubtedly defeated. Only four state legislatures have ratified it, three are still in session but have not acted, five have either postponed action or refused to decide, while twenty-two have rejected it in both houses and seven in one. We must then agree with its enemies, such as Nicholas Murray Butler and Senator Wadsworth, in classifying it among the lost causes. The attempt to persuade a sufficient number of the state legislatures which have rejected the amendment to change their minds would be more difficult than the original attempt to persuade them to ratify. Its friends cannot command the resources in money, in personal energy or in prestige which are necessary to bring about a reconsideration of the verdict. They will do better to accept it for the time being and concentrate their efforts on the passage of improved codes for children in the backward states.

The defeat of the amendment provides an illuminating example of the operation of the most powerful influences in American public opinion today. When Congress proposed it to the states, its friends counted confidently and not unreasonably on quick and complete success. The resolution submitting it passed the House of Representatives by 297 yeas to 69 nays. It passed the Senate 61 to 23.

Four recent presidents of the United States, belonging to both parties—Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge—had recognized and proclaimed the necessity of federal coöperation with the states for the protection of children against industrial exploitation. All the welfare associations in the country were actively agitating on its behalf. The increase in the employment of young children in many of the states immediately after the first federal child labor law was declared invalid had strengthened the argument in favor of federal intervention. A further increase took place in 1922 after the Supreme Court strangled the second child labor law. The census of 1920 records the employment of 413,549 children ten to fifteen years of age in non-agricultural occupations. The cost of administering a federal child labor statute would have been inconsiderable. Nor would its administration have required the enlistment of a formidable array of inspectors. The former Child Labor Law division of the Department of Labor needed the services of fifty-one persons whose expense to the government during the nine months of its existence was only $111,000. The previous federal legislation as long as it was in force had tended to increase rather than diminish the sense of local responsibility for the welfare of its child and adolescent laborers.

Such are some of the reasons which encouraged the friends of the amendment to expect its prompt ratification. They welcomed the prospect of a nation-wide discussion of its merits. The really weighty arguments which its opponents have recently marshalled to defeat it were ably and vigorously presented on the floor of the Senate and the House and at the committee hearings. Yet members of Congress, the majority of whom were conservatives, approved the proposal by a ratio of approximately three to one in the Senate and four to one in the House. How did it come about that an opposition which was out-argued and out-voted only a year ago in Washington has achieved such a speedy and overwhelming triumph at the bar of national public opinion?

There seems to be only one sufficient answer to this question. For the present the tide is running irresistibly against any proposed progressive legislation which the business interests now in control of American politics have any sufficient interest in defeating, and the kind of propaganda which they used to defeat this particular proposal is glaringly illustrative of their methods and standards. They did not discuss the proposal. They grossly misrepresented its meaning and consequences and condemned as inconceivably baleful the grotesque effigy which they erected in the market place. They denounced the amendment as a malign attack on the American home and particularly upon those homes which are situated in farm houses. It deprived, so they alleged, the American father and mother of their natural responsibility for the welfare of their children. It was to be interpreted as a part of the net which is being spun to catch hundreds of innocent victims by the wicked spider in Moscow. It was equivalent to the nationalization of American children and their subsequent bondage to the arbitrary and ruthless government of a group of bureaucrats in Washington.

The friends of the amendment were totally unprepared to combat the flood of distorted propaganda which was let loose upon them. They had been accustomed to argue their case before reasonable and attentive human beings. They suddenly found themselves compelled to discuss a matter of public policy with a monstrous jazz band. There was nothing to be done about it. If people do not know the difference between propagandist jazz and serious economic argument or between melodrama and statesmanship, there is no way of enlightening them by discourse. They will simply have to live and learn, and they will have to pay dearly for their lesson. If American public opinion is capable of being deceived so easily and by such vulgar, cheap and raucous propaganda, it is suffering at present from a morbidness which will render it subject in the future to still more dangerous infections. When the next period of serious economic privation and

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discontent arrives, the conservative propagandists who have been doing their best to make the behavior of American public opinion as much as possible like the behavior of a mob, will be repaid with interest in their own coin. In this instance they have been particularly successful in deceiving rural communities as to the effect of the amendment. It was pathetic to watch farmers who cannot stop their young men and women from drifting away from home in order to work in city factories fool themselves into thinking that by opposing the amendment they were keeping control of their young people. In this and other ways American industrialism is rapidly breeding an agricultural proletariat, with little to live upon but grievances, which may eventually become a greater threat to social order than is the industrial proletariat of any European country.

The opposition to the Child Labor Amendment did not, of course, consist exclusively of these conservative business propagandists. There was a minority of opponents to it who sincerely and intelligently doubted the wisdom of allowing the federal government to assume new functions which under the Constitution the state governments now exercise. The New Republic has the utmost respect for these scruples, and attaches as much importance as they do to the preservation of a proper balance between the powers of the national and the powers of the local governments. We realize that in the case of legislation to prevent child labor, the argument in favor of federal intervention, while in our opinion sufficient, is not conclusive. The business of providing for the education and welfare of the children in any community is, at least on its administrative side, chiefly a problem to be handled by local agencies; and we trust that the defeat of the federal amendment will stimulate those people who wish to promote child welfare by legislation but who would rather leave the child unprotected than entrust his protection to the federal government, to work more zealously on behalf of improved state codes for the welfare of children.

But when they undertake this work, they will find that the defeat of the federal amendment will render the task of raising the standards of state legislation more rather than less difficult. The defeat of federal intervention is not a victory for the public-spirited friends of state government who believe that increases of the activity of the federal government must involve a diminution of state political power and responsibility. These people contributed only a small share to the flood of opposition which has been accumulated and let loose against the amendment. The victory has been won by certain business interests which have reason to dislike all efforts to protect children against exploitation in industry. They achieved the victory by using arguments which for the most part count as decisively against state as against federal action—arguments which tend to infect public opinion with a dislike and a fear of all progressive and humane legislation. While it is inconceivable that the cause of adequate legislative provision for child welfare will not eventually triumph, yet after the experience of the past year and the increasing accessibility of American public opinion to silly melodramatic propaganda, it is only too evident that the prospect for effective and general state legislation for the protection of children looks dubious and remote.

The Soviet Economic Seesaw

WHATEVER may be happening politically in Russia, it is evident that the economic policy of the Soviets is taking a new swing to the right. The announcement of concessions to foreign capital for mineral exploitation in Siberia, although not adequately confirmed from the side of the foreign concessionaries, is significant as indicating what the Soviet authorities are willing to do, and desire to do. For gold and silver and platinum—for a slender percentage of the ouput—they offer an arrangement with scarcely a chemical trace of communism in it.

Still more significant is the reported decision to close a friendly eye upon the development of a rich peasant class, and to recognize the status as citizen of the industrial employer of labor. The foreign concessionary might be regarded as an intrusive exception in the Soviet scheme, a gold filling in the communistic jaw. Not so the petty agricultural and industrial capitalism that the recent broadening of the New Economic Policy makes room for. When the land begins to be penetrated with farmers who have engrossed and enriched their holdings, when private factories rub up against the state factories in the towns and cities, the integrity of the communistic system will have been badly shattered. The country will be on the threshold of a development which, to communistic purists, will look very like Western capitalism.

What we may be quite sure of is that there is at present a swing to the right. We do not know how soon a swing to the left may ensue, or how far it may go. We have seen the Soviets in the early years of their régime swinging toward the left, with an apparent momentum sufficient to carry them all the way to the limit of absolute communism. Even the coöperatives, in that period, were too capitalistic to be left unregimented. There followed the New Economic Policy, with its toleration of private trading, forced upon an unwilling orthodoxy by the intellectual force and personal prestige of Lenin. After Lenin's death the New Economic Policy seemed to languish. Pure communism gained the upper hand.

Underneath these periodic swings to left and right there is a long-run trend away from the extremes of communistic theory and practice. The pure communism of the earliest period rested on the premise of world revolution. No one versed in the ideas of Marxist socialism supposed, before 1917,

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that one single state, least of all a state predominantly agricultural, would be successful in inaugurating a perfect communistic system. A thorough schooling in industrialism was presupposed, and Lenin and his followers recognized better than anyone else how far Russia's proletariat falls short in industrial discipline. Russian communism was not to be an experiment, to prove the efficiency of the communistic economic system, but rather a strategic territory occupied by communistic armies from which offensives might be carried on against the weakened capitalism of Western Europe. With Germany, Austria and Italy drawn into the communistic orbit, and Poland and the Balkans incidentally communized, the essential foundations of a working communistic order might have been established. And in 1917, when the War was still furiously burning out the capitalistic structure, even cool-headed communists might reasonably expect a realization of their dream.

But in the eight years that have elapsed since Lenin seized power the chances of a world revolution have become fainter and fainter. There are, no doubt, plenty of incorrigible enthusiasts in Russia who still think that the Western economic system is tottering and may be brought down by a few well-placed propagandist bombs. Most of the Soviet leaders, however, must be fully aware that the trend of the times is against them. Western Europe is moving irresistibly toward a reconstructed capitalism. A new war might reverse this movement, but there is no early prospect of a new war. The Russian communists are therefore thrown back on Russia itself. They can realize only so much of their system as purely Russian resources will permit.

And this, many economists urge, is very little. Communistic agriculture is a lost cause. Communistic trade is yielding ground, and now communistic industry is weakening. In the end, it is argued, the Russians will have learned the error of their ways and come back to the tried and true principles of private enterprise whether a counter-revolution takes place or not.

But this argument ignores the fact that the system of private enterprise is by no means fixed and unchanging, but is subject, in the countries where it prevails, to periodic swings to left and to right, with long-run trends underneath.

After the War the whole Western world experienced a swing to the right, as a reaction against war control. In England and America, especially, command of the economic ship of state was turned back, with eloquent flourishes, to the captains of industry and trade. But already there are signs of a reversal of this trend. The British scheme of workingmen's insurance, while no doubt designed to fortify the existing system by a removal of some of its worst abuses, represents an important extension of the field of community activity. Public foresight is drawn in to supplement or supplant private thrift. A Royal Commission has reported on the national food supply. It has reported inadequately and innocuously, but that it has made an inquiry at all presages a time when the British nation will place the existence of its people above the susceptibilities of the provisions trade. We Americans are still plodding steadily toward the right, but presently we shall realize that we have gone far enough.

Russia, setting out with the communistic premise, will no doubt move away from it steadily, if we judge by long-run trends. The western world, setting out with the premise of the all-sufficiency of private initiative and foresight, will move away from it, in the long run. It is an easy assumption that the two will meet, somewhere in the middle ground. But it is an assumption that will not bear a great deal of weight.

The burden of proof lies heavily upon any group in the Soviet government which proposes to extend the field of private industry. The burden of proof rests upon any group in the western countries which proposes to extend the field of community concern. Communism in Russia, private initiative in western Europe and America, has the whole weight of inertia on its side. And inertia is a potent force indeed. It involves the whole process of adaptation.

Private ownership of railways, for example, is probably an anachronism. If we had no railways and it was proposed to install them we should realize that the government, as the custodian of the national interest, ought to determine in what measure the several sections of the country should be supplied with transportation; whether the structure of rates should be adapted to effect the centralization of population in great and greater cities or should work toward decentralization, etc. But we now have a private structure, to which men have adjusted not only their minds, but their business and their homes. There is a tremendous opposition to be overcome before any fundamental change can be brought about.

Similarly the Soviet government may have gone far beyond judicious reason in monopolizing foreign trade. Yet if it maintained the monopoly long, the adjustment, both in thought and in the structure of economic life, would resist change. The freeing of grain exports might turn outward the channels of surplus production that had flowed inward toward deficit provinces whose life has been built up around this inward flow.

It may be that there is a theoretically best distribution of private and community functions, applicable alike to Russia and the western world. Because of the weight of social-economic inertia, neither Russia nor the western nations will attain to this theoretical common point by any orderly process of evolution. Concession after concession may be made on either side, yet the fundamental difference will remain.

This is not to be regretted. For the theoretically best distribution of functions is not practically deter-

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minable. The preservation through a long period of time of differences between Russia and Western Europe will help to show under what conditions life can best be lived.

Government Abdicates

THE tendency of the present national administration has, within a year after the election, become so clear and so consistent as to demand assessment. The result of its behavior is, without exception, to encourage the effacement of political government in favor of the aggrandizement of business. For the most part it is as inactive as it possibly can be. Whenever it does act, it merely curbs powers previously exercised, or supposed to be exercised, by governmental agencies.

The administration has fallen in with the railroads' program of no changes in the Transportation Act. There is no directing foresight with regard to the imminent consolidations. The one appointment made to the Interstate Commerce Commission by President Coolidge is of a man sympathetic with the railroad bankers. A recommendation for lower duties on sugar by the Tariff Commission has been killed by silence, and the majority making the recommendation has, by new appointments, been pared down to a minority. The personnel of the Federal Trade Commission has been so changed that it is now controlled by those who desire to reduce to a minimum its oversight over business practices and its publication of facts. A Secretary of Agriculture has been found who believes that the farmer must be helped, if at all, by economic rather than by political agencies. There is no suggestion of a governmental program for the chaotic and prostrate coal industry. Though Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, with his report on Giant Power has revealed the tremendous significance of the rapid development of large-scale electric generation and transmission, there is no hint of a federal policy in this respect. The Commission on Muscle Shoals appointed by the President is controlled by men who have favored turning the plant over to Henry Ford. In spite of platform pledges, no word of leadership has been uttered on the Child Labor Amendment. The one major drive of the administration, for governmental economy, favors large business in two ways at once—by making possible reduction of surtaxes and by curtailing the activities of political agencies. Finally the whole abdication of the federal administration has been made explicit through President Coolidge's remarkable announcement that business need expect no interference and no changes from those elected to public office.

In order to understand how significant this tendency is, one has only to compare it with the tone of previous administrations. Under such Presidents as Roosevelt or Wilson, the country became accustomed to positive leadership from the White House. Each assumed that action was needed, each had his program of reforms, and though each fell far short of accomplishing everything he intended, he did introduce certain changes and did create a sense of stir and activity. His personality set up warm inductive currents throughout the nation. It came to be assumed that the administration would be judged by what it did in making our political system function better for the public welfare, or at the least by its moral leadership. Even President Harding's slogan of "return to normalcy" included such projects as higher tariffs, ship subsidies, greater freedom of combination for foreign trade, and a commission on unemployment. His surrenders to private interest, moreover, were not so much a matter of calculated principle as a furtive granting of special favors through the "Ohio Gang." The present deference to business is not of that sort; the suspicion of corruption and the picking of plums by favored competitors will probably be rigorously avoided. What we are now witnessing is a conscientious and thoroughgoing withdrawal of political government from the field of public policy, and of official personality from the realm of national life, carried out by a chief executive who is more genuinely a delegate of the business and financial estate than any President for a generation.

Even Mr. Coolidge's temperament is ideally fit for such a program. Those qualities which his enemies dislike are the very ones that recommend him for the job. The "strong, silent man" may be a myth; his silence may be all timidity and pallor, his strength all passivity and indecision; but if so at least he produces as near the absolute zero of temperature in public life as any executive could, and that seems to be just what is wanted.

This tendency is in no sense a betrayal of public trust. Very few who voted for Republicans in the last election did so because they believed their candidates would assume positive leadership. They feared what other candidates might do, they wanted freedom from governmental interference, freedom each to pursue his own gain in his own way. The sense of the majority is probably more favorable to control by powerful private interests, unchecked by political agencies, than ever before in our history. Even though many voters may disapprove in detail of what important business executives might do, they have been thoroughly imbued with the idea that all will be prosperous if the great corporations are unleashed. Let the big fellows make their millions if we are free to make our thousands and perhaps to become big fellows ourselves in the end. Business knows what it wants; business can achieve prosperity if left free to do so; business must share its prosperity with all; let business be enthroned. The king is dead—long live the king!

Perhaps it is well that the abdication should be explicit, and that the responsibility should be placed

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clearly on the new dictatorship. We shall now have a chance to observe an experiment in a new type of laissez faire. It is a new type because governmental non-interference now rests on an economic basis quite different from that which existed when the doctrine was first accepted. Then a young and struggling capitalism needed freedom from governmental monopolies and trade restrictions in order that competition might flourish, inventions might be utilized and markets might be developed. The economists believed that through free competition prices would be self-regulating, and the benefits of industrial civilization would be automatically distributed over the whole population. They did not contemplate anything like the integration of industry, the growth of modern business organization, with great corporations dominating every basic process, their dominion interlaced through a formidable system of investment banks and credit agencies. They did not contemplate the establishment of hereditary principalities of industry and trade. When they advocated the abdication of government in economic affairs, they thought of its abdication, not to another hierarchy of persons or another system of conscious control, but to a beneficent régime of "natural law." The present situation is of course quite different from this. Few doubt that a large measure of economic control exists, and must be exercised by some group. Few believe that affairs automatically regulate themselves, or that the abdication of political government is to the end of greater competition. Some of the old phrases are still used and some of the old conceptions vaguely persist, but what people really have in mind is that "practical men" are more reliable and intelligent than politicians, that executives are chosen more efficiently by business processes than by the ballot, that the will of corporation presidents is to be preferred to the will of "the people," a phrase by which each climber understands the uninstructed mob other than himself.

This faith is now about to be put to the test. What will be the result of business domination? Whatever it is, the politicians cannot be blamed, and so much is clear gain. We are fearful that the dominant forces possess neither the foresight nor the statesmanship ordinarily attributed to them. We do not see them moving rapidly in a direction which seems necessary even for the ultimate material good of the population.

Yet the true alternative to business dictatorship is not easy to visualize, because the rapidly changing economic problems of our day are not yet well enough understood. Certainly the alternative is not the nineteenth-century protest from which the pendulum has now swung. Only the roughest outlines of a really divergent policy can now be drawn. A positively beneficent economic leadership would, we believe, concern itself with building up a national railroad system, not a series of powerful railroad consolidations put together with an eye to maximum profit. It would try to arrange so that giant-power electric systems would be economically planned to aid the farmers and decentralize industrial populations, rather than growing like Topsy wherever the maximum returns are to be obtained. It would push forward a comprehensive plan for conservation of natural resources, rather than allowing them to be exploited without limit by private interests.

In times of prosperity it would take measures to prepare for depression and unemployment, by the establishment of a national system of employment exchanges, public unemployment insurance funds, and the long-range planning of public works, rather than deceiving itself with the blind belief that it could perpetuate prosperity. It would take special measures to protect the farmer and prevent us from becoming a topheavy industrial, food-importing nation. It would find use at home for our accumulating capital, instead of shipping it overseas to bring foreign peoples under our economic dominion. It would tax large profits heavily to pay off the public debt and would, with any surplus, engage in enterprises which would increase the public wealth and tend to equalization of income. It would strain every nerve to eliminate economic waste and increase the national income per labor hour and per ton of resources expended in producing it. It would, as economic welfare increased, emphasize the uses of leisure, of beauty and of learning.

There are increasing numbers who appreciate, more or less vaguely, the possibilities of such a heroic mood. For the present they must mark time while business and its followers try their hand. A period of adversity gives progressives the opportunity to increase their understanding and their powers. If the new laissez faire succeeds well enough, it may be long before they are justified. But eventually there is almost certain to be a change of the public mood. When that time comes, it will be the responsibility of the progressives to captivate the imagination of the disenchanted, to see that the reaction swings not to a futile and meaningless alternative, but to a fruitful issue, as positively clear and consistent, if possible, as the present negative tendency of government.

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The Riddle of Morocco

What Are the French Doing in North Africa?

THE recent news about events in Morocco is so serious that it scarcely matters whether it is true or not. If it is false it is one of those fabrications by which politicians make history. If it is true it can be no worse than that. In either case we must look forward to another dreary episode like those wherein Moroccan affairs have already caused international complications and the downfall of human happiness.

In brief we are told that the victorious Riffi, having wellnigh driven the incompetent Spaniards into the sea, have turned their attention to the French zone: that under Abd-el-Krim's brilliant inspiration they are attacking the French upon a sixty-mile front: that General Lyautey has called for reinforcements and proposes to attack the tribesmen with all the power France wields in her protectorate. In plain terms, France by the force of circumstance is able to carry her traditional African policy one step nearer the final end, which is the absorption of the Spanish zone and the international zone of Tangier. In consequence France and Britain are faced with a fundamental disagreement in policies which can only be settled ultimately by a war or by the capitulation of one or other nation. These are strong words, but they can be justified.

There is no need at this date to recapitulate the stages which led to the situation as it existed in 1914: everyone who knows the causes of the European War knows what happened at Algeciras and Agadir, and why Spain and France partitioned Morocco at the same time they solemnly agreed with Germany to maintain the integrity of the Sultan's dominions and the open door. Those who have forgotten must reread E. D. Morel's Morocco in Diplomacy in order to understand the earlier history of the present appalling prospect.

Since the War things have progressed slowly and always in the direction foreseen and desired by France. In the original partition France knew that Great Britain's acquiescence and friendship must be bought by keeping away from the Mediterranean coast of Morocco; Great Britain would not tolerate a French threat to Gibraltar. No great power can have a port opposite that bulwark of Britain's far-flung battle line. This was as axiomatic to the British Foreign Office as roast beef on Sunday. Since therefore the Entente Cordiale was a necessity for France, she was willing to play tortoise to the British hare. British diplomacy as ever went to sleep only to wake up and find that France by magnanimously biding her time and giving to Spain what she wanted herself is now within an ace of achieving every object. Murderers should never get their victims to leave them their money in their wills; it arouses suspicions. They should learn from France and advise the victim to bequeath the money to someone suffering from an incurable disease who can later leave it to them. In due course Spain has collapsed and France is about to inherit.

The immediate cause of the present situation is the spectacular triumph of Abd-el-Krim: that statesman has crowned the twelve years' struggle of the Riffian tribesmen for their independence with the total defeat of Spain. A European power, with as many military officers as Germany possessed before the War, is in full retreat, in spite of the fact that its enemy is regarded in diplomatic circles as a rebel in the technical sense of the term, and that in consequence a blockade has been established preventing even Red Cross stores from entering the territory or doctors from assisting the wounded. In spite of all, Abd-el-Krim has brought Primo de Rivera to his knees. The Moroccan crisis and its constant mismanagement by the professional politicians was the chief cause of the military coup d'état in 1923, and Primo de Rivera gained support largely by promising that he would settle the African question. He can certainly claim to have done so, but in a sense opposite to the one which presumably was expected of him, for today the rebel by force majeure is in a position to dictate to the dictator. Abd-el-Krim has declared that Spain must abandon all claim to a protectorate, that the independence and sovereignty of the Riff must be recognized; that all territory from Melilla to Ceuta must be allotted to them; that if necessary a compromise will be accepted by which the coast zones may be internationalized; and that the authority of the Sultan at Fez will not be recognized (the Riff has only recognized him for one century during the last thousand years). On this last point Abd-el-Krim is quite explicit: "The sovereignty of Moulay-Yousef over Morocco is a myth in which all the powers have resolved to believe, but we know that Yousef is a prisoner of the French and that he cannot and does not wish to take any initiative in his own name. We do not wish to recognize the sovereignty of any prisoner even if people give him the title of 'Sultan.' On the contrary, Youssef's title to the throne is doubtful, as the French have deposed two of his brothers to give him the sovereignty." Nor are these the words of a savage gifted with oriental imagination: they are the words of an undisputed victor.

These terms can only be accepted by Spain if no other course can be adopted, yet her internal situation is such that she cannot even hope by her own effort to maintain her present foothold on the cliffs above the Mediterranean. To take but one significant fact: last month saw the forcible dissolution of

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what remained of the Catalan home rule parliament, and unless the whole Catalan nationalist movement is a gigantic piece of bluff, that means a nationalist separatist revolution in Barcelona in the near future. Such an uprising will of course be attributed to Moscow with precisely the same justification as the suggestion that Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith were in the pay of Lenin, and indeed if two revolutions bitterly opposed to one another could go on at once, there might also be a syndicalist uprising in Barcelona. In any case Spain cannot hold on to Morocco; even if Abd-el-Krim were too weak to defeat her present strength, that strength is rapidly being sapped by internal cancers. It is not necessary indeed to assume that the Riffi are a cannon ball which can go through any armor plate, for Spain is an armor plate through which any cannon ball can go. The recovery of Spain can then be wiped out of the list of possible solutions.

Now let us look at another strange anomaly of the situation: Abd-el-Krim has repeatedly stated that he has no kind of animosity towards France. As late as last February he is reported as having said: "Our attitude towards France is quite friendly. We have never had a greater desire for friendly relations with France, nor do we wish to attack French Morocco. For me a war with France is inconceivable." Now we are told that he has attacked France on a sixty mile front, and at the moment when such conduct would seem least opportune, when a final concentration of his forces would drive Spain into the sea. Time alone will elucidate this puzzle, and meanwhile war communiqués of the most approved pattern have begun to appear regularly in the French newspapers. Clearly a first-class mystery threatens the peace of Europe, and quite as clearly there looms up over Morocco the sinister shadow of secret diplomacy.

Is there any agreement between France and Spain? Is France to reëstablish her weaker companion or at least to save her face? It is noteworthy that King Alfonso has been having much praise and publicity in the French press of late. On the other hand there can be no doubt that if she likes France can use international agreements—a kind of scripture which one is forced to believe only the devil can quote—to justify the subjugating of the Riffi. Spain has failed to carry out her legal responsibilities, which gives France a right to interfere in her own interest. If Abd-el-Krim is really attacking the French zone, Lyautey can hardly be expected to lose the opportunity of extending his very able work of administration.

It will be said that this is merely guessing, but a glance at the facts is enough to show that any other sort of guess would hardly be an intelligent one. In 1905 the vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Eugène Etienne wrote that "upon the solution that will be given the Moroccan question depends to a large extent the very future existence of our country." That is even truer today than in 1905, for France's diplomacy is several steps more advanced and is now committed to a policy of securing herself in Europe by binding herself even more closely to her African empire. That empire is larger in extent than Europe itself and is the ultimate basis of that "security" which is at once the slogan and the guardian angel of the Quai d'Orsay. An article in Action Nationale in 1922 puts the whole attitude of France to her colonial empire quite clearly: "If unfortunately there breaks out another general conflagration analogous to that of 1914 no more hesitation then! Let us draw widely, let us draw without counting, as we shall at home, upon the reserve of black men that we shall have had the foresight to preserve and increase. The negroes whom we have guided into the path of progress, must then repay to us in the form of battalions the benefits they have received from us. These semi-civilized will contribute 'chose admirable' to the defense of civilization."

During the European War France used 163,602 negroes from West Africa, and since the War she has established conscription among her millions of black citizens. What could be more natural than that she would want to consolidate her lines of communication? And clearly Spanish Morocco is a necessary stage in this long journey. In 1912 the Franco-Spanish agreement included these words: "It lies with Spain to assure the tranquillity of the said zone, (the Riff) and to help the Moroccan government." It is natural therefore to find those words quoted in a recent French paper with the comment "this article established the obligation for Spain to maintain peace and tranquillity in her zone; this well understood obligation appears to have been forgotten when the Directorate began the evacuation of its territories leaving them in the hands of a rebel. Spain is morally obliged to maintain order in her zone." That is the sort of moral obligation which other nations like to see carried out; and the fact that unlimited advantages would accrue to her if she had reluctantly to step in would not be likely to deter France from taking over a situation which has led to the moral degradation of Spain.

The situation therefore is painfully clear: Spain cannot possibly carry out the terms of her secret agreement with France; it is true that that agreement was grossly immoral in that it contradicted the spirit and letter of the Treaty of Algeciras, but that is hardly likely to make any difference. We are reminded of the customs of an African tribe, the Lango, who forbid a man to see his mother-in-law; this rule must be obeyed in all cases and "applies to a man who is making clandestine love to a woman's daughter, and the secret friendship is often discovered by the girl's mother's noticing the lover's avoidance of her." Thus too in the affairs of nations the proprieties must be observed even when a deeper immorality underlies them, and Spain having failed in her share of iniquity, France has the moral right to interfere.

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What then of British diplomacy? As there is no reason to suppose that the present Foreign Office has departed from "traditional diplomacy" it is to be presumed that Britain will not tolerate the French at Ceuta. Five years ago she might have exchanged Ceuta for Gibraltar to the great pride of all concerned, but that is not likely to be satisfactory today if only that British reputation is not all that it was among Mohammedans and Moors.

If the League of Nations were a little less bound to the apron-strings of its spiritual parents, a mandate might satisfy the conditions, but it is hard to see who would accept it unless France herself seemed satisfactory to the Powers. A war is quite certainly not an immediate solution, as the general situation is not ripe, but there is nothing in the nature of things to suggest that unless something is done soon the situation will not ripen into the reddest of ripe fruit. The problem therefore resolves itself for the moment into a question whether France will risk various sorts of unpleasantness and walk into occupation of all Morocco in the interests of morality, of law and of order, if not of the Christian Cross as well, or will prefer to use the situation as another piece of potential blackmail. France, beautifully logical, never forgets that potentiality is often more useful than actuality—a point never grasped by Anglo-Saxons perhaps because of their love of action for action's sake. That is why it is as foolish of Anglo-Saxons to compete with France in diplomacy as it would be for them to compete with Frenchmen in the salon or boudoir. In short a Martian in Morocco would be lost in admiration of French diplomacy, but to mere Europeans the whole situation is changing from black to dark black.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES.

47 At Yale

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER is certainly not the first professor who has funded his academic good will. Nearly every college boasts some patriarchal pedagogue to whom the name and number of a course are sacred, some Greek 3 or Zo. 11, which has become so charged with personality that like Grimes's clock it must stop short never to go again when the old man dies! But Professor Baker, though he is by no means an old man, is the first in academic history to deliver his good will from one firm to another. Doubtless Yale paid nothing for it. Indeed, as one of the members of the Yale administration remarked, a bit ruefully, it did not entirely suit the Yale system of numbering. But Professor Baker particularly asked for it, and the University gracefully acceded. In the announcement of the new Department of the Drama the final, climactic, consummatory course is Drama 47. After all, numbers are only numbers, but The 47 Workshop means something on Broadway!

In preserving the course number under which he has done business for nearly a generation Professor Baker has not only maintained the continuity of his own work from the Harvard of the Workshop to the Yale of the Harkness Theatre that is to be. He has also clarified the strategy of his own operations. Under the conditions made possible by Mr. Harkness's gift his powers will be greatly extended. But if there is any truth in signs his objectives have not changed. What he intends to do is to produce original plays. There are to be courses in stage design and costume design and stage lighting and advanced stage lighting and advanced costume design and dramatic criticism and advanced producing. Under Drama 24, Advanced Stage Lighting, we are told: "It is the object of the course to prepare the student for the professional stage as a director of lighting, and to establish a bureau of research wherein problems of lighting may be worked out." Four instructors, practical men versed in the lore of stagecraft, are to handle all these matters. Within a year there will be a theatre, "having a large stage and complete equipment. The seating capacity will be approximately 750. The workshop will contain a model studio, lighting, property, and carpenter shops, scene dock, scene painting loft, costume studio, and dye room. There will be two rehearsal rooms, one with a stage and small auditorium, besides offices, class-rooms, dressing-rooms, etc." In addition to the intra-mural "season" which all this paraphernalia implies, the department is evidently going to put out road companies or conduct extension work of some sort. Drama 40, Advanced Producing, lets the student in not only for "charge of important experimental or main productions," but also for darkly hinted barn-storming: "charge of outside performances under criticism." Whether this means that the Yale Advanced Producer is to come under the professional eye of the Harvardian Heywood, or that the professor in charge is going to shout "Wrong! Sit down!" from the family circle, we are not told. The audience should get a thrill in either case.

But amid all this pandemonium of the professional stage the playwright reigns. The first course and the last of all this glad array are Professor Baker's own in the study and practice of dramatic writing. These courses alone are listed in the announcement of Yale College, where they are to serve, the elementary ones, that is, as feeders to the professional work of the department. Most of the special work is "open to undergraduates" under such and such conditions. But the initiatory door is "Forms of the Drama." Peeping through it the floppy-trousered youth of Yale will catch a glimpse

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of the fascinating hurly-burly of "back stage" and of the initiated dignity of the master craftsmen of 47. Some of them will abandon all thought of labor to stand and gaze, and will be caught in a compromising attitude by a dean and ejected from the premises. But others, those who have theatre in their blood, will push in and mix with the scene shifters, gravitating ultimately to the author's box. The Great American Drama is then only a question of time.

The sum of the matter is, then, that this is a professional school in dramatic writing. Lighting and producing are side lines. Acting does not rate. But not because they are professional, while writing, being literature, is academic. The Department of Drama is not part of the academic curriculum, except in so far as its elementary courses are held in front of the collegian's nose as bait. Nothing could have served to make its character more explicit than its location in the School of Fine Arts. Of all the "culture courses" of all the universities in the entire country, the work of the Yale School of Fine Arts is the least "cultury" and the most professional. Its work is not to edify the art-loving (and snap-loving) undergraduate—anything but. The Yale School of Fine Arts exists to teach painters to paint and architects to plan, and there the painters paint and the architects draw while daylight lasts week days, Sundays, holidays, vacations, and even during the Yale-Harvard football game. As a result it is no uncommon thing to read in the daily papers that another prize has been won by the painting of a student in the Yale School of Fine Arts. The School intends to produce the goods, in this case, dramatists.

Will he do it? On this question there are two ready opinions and one large uncertainty. The professors of the nation echo "Yes." Pedagogues believe that anything can be taught. Like Old Man Kangaroo, they have to. Bitter necessity is treading on their tails. Much the same thing is true in another way of Mr. Henry Louis Mencken and his many paler doubles of the Tart Set, as Professor Boynton called them. Mr. Mencken believes that nothing is ever taught by any Professor Doctor Pish Posh. But that also appears to be the inevitable opinion of the self said man. Neither view strikes me as convincing because neither represents thought.

Perhaps the proper answer is "Perhaps." What is to be said for success is obvious enough. The budding genius of the drama will have as his resources an equipment such as no apprentice in his craft has ever enjoyed before. He will have the run of a theatre the Shuberts have overlooked. He can try his hand at scene painting (with which however "he may find it necessary to combine Art 11, Drawing") or at lighting or producing simply by electing a course. All this must be set down to the good and taken for granted. The question is, will he be suffocated by the poisonous gases of the academic swamps, routine and dogmatism? To be able to get a work-out as a producer is excellent. But the course runs for a whole year. Furthermore, if the announcement speaks the truth, it will meet at set hours. Thus we read of Drama 14, Stage Lighting, that it will meet Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 8.40-9.30, "two lectures and a discussion section throughout the year." What, in the name of Bobby Jones, are two lectures and a discussion section in stage lighting—throughout the year? Perhaps these arrangements are not to be taken very seriously. The painters and sculptors of the School of Fine Arts encourage us to hope so. Their daily dozen resembles that of the Art Students' League of New York much more than a university department. Perhaps conformity with the university schedule will end with the catalogue. If this is to be a hot-house of real artists it had better. The common thing among the art schools is for commitments to run for a month only. It does not conduce to the development of independent thought, without which there can be no art, to tie a student down to the repetition of movements he has already begun to perfect, or abhor. When he needs something else he must have it—at his own risk, of course.

Furthermore, what a student usually needs, and craves for, is another teacher, another tradition, a change of dogmas. There is danger in a one-man school quite irrespective of the genius of the one. It is all very well to "cover" the different work of "Appia, Craig, Reinhardt, Jones, etc.," as one of these courses promises to do. That is the academic way. The artists' way is to go from one to another of these men themselves. That, if one may say so, was what Jones did. To be sure, these students cannot be offered about to eminent and busy men as apprentices without reservation. Who is to vouch for their right to be treated as anything but schoolboys? Precisely. The wanderings of an artist cannot be reduced to routine by even the most willing university. They must be undertaken by each individual upon his own responsibility and in answer to the inward need which he alone can feel acutely. All that any teacher or school can do is to facilitate his entrances and exits. Is Professor Baker's department going to treat its charges as the migratory birds they ought to be? We are told that the courses run "for a term" or "throughout the year." We are also told of a "Certificate of Accomplishment" to be awarded "to regularly enrolled students upon the successful completion of the entire course in the Department of Drama." This certainly looks as though the school intended to turn out a finished product. That being true, there is a real danger that the product will be—finished.

About Yale College, on the other hand, I have no doubts. This is going to be a professional school, as professional as though it taught commerce and banking. It does not exist for the undergraduates. Therefore its effect on them will be uniformly excellent. Does this sound paradoxical? The point is

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that being a professional school, it will not directly meddle with the undergraduate; being a school of the drama, the odor which it spreads about the campus will be a fragrance and not a stink. Professors of Stage Lighting are not going to corrupt the sources of the social science that is taught to freshmen. Neither are they going to tickle the seniors with propaganda for the higher life. They are busy about concerns which have no bearing on the interests of the undergraduate. But those concerns terminate in drama, and the drama requires an audience. We, the youth of Yale will intone to the cadence of Vachel Lindsay, are that audience!

C. E. AYRES.

England's Gold Standard

MR. CHURCHILL has done what was expected, and the experience of a hundred years ago has repeated itself. With one improvement: Ricardo's Ingot Plan, rejected then, has been adopted now, and the public are not to have back their sovereigns.

There can be no doubt whatever of Britain's ability to maintain the gold standard once our decision is made. The critics of the return to gold have opposed this policy, because it is unwise, not because it is impracticable. We, in Great Britain, have our currency system fully under control; and the recognized instruments of credit management are fully efficacious to maintain sterling in terms of gold at any reasonable value we may select.

Nevertheless, we shall do well to remember that there is no means, in the long run, of maintaining this parity except by so managing our credit as to establish a gold price-level here not higher than the gold price-levels of other countries. For a time, it is true, there is another method: namely, by influencing the movement of capital; as, for example, by placing an embargo on the issue of new foreign loans in London (which we are doing now), or by paying preferential rates of interest on foreign balances (which we did during the War and for some time afterwards), or by borrowing in the United States (for which facilities are already arranged). These are all means by which the parity of gold exchange might be maintained, in spite of our internal price-level being relatively too high. They are attractive, because they obviate, for the time being, high bank rate and deflation of credit. They are justifiable to meet a temporary emergency due to a political scare, for instance—or to frighten speculators. But they are dangerous and generally inadvisable, because they only put off the evil day, and, above all, because of their adverse influence on the export trades. For they are simply devices by which the internal price-level, multiplied by the rate of foreign exchange, may be maintained at a higher level than will allow the export trades to quote competitive prices on the international market; and they achieve this through enabling us to pay our way by borrowing instead of by exporting. Our export trades are already in trouble because our exchange has been improved rather by the movement of capital than by the adjustment of internal prices. If we must have a gold standard, we had better play the gold standard game according to the recognized rules.

There remains, however, the objection, to which I have never ceased to attach importance, against the return to gold in actual present conditions, in view of the possible consequences on the state of trade and employment. I believe that our price-level is too high, if it is converted into gold at the par of exchange, in relation to gold prices elsewhere; and if we consider the prices of those articles only, which are not the subject of international trade, and of services, i. e., wages, we shall find that these are materially too high—not less than 5 percent and probably 10 percent. Thus, unless the situation is saved by a rise of prices elsewhere, the Chancellor is committing us to a policy of forcing down money-wages by perhaps 2s. in the £. I do not believe that this can be achieved without the gravest danger to industrial profits and industrial peace. I would much rather leave the gold value of our currency where it was some months ago than embark on a struggle with every trade union in the country to reduce money-wages. It seems to me wiser and simpler and saner to leave the currency to find its own level for some time longer than to force a situation where employers are faced with the alternative of closing down or of lowering wages, cost what the struggle may.

For this reason I remain of the opinion that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has done an ill-judged thing—ill-judged because we are running a risk for no adequate reward if all goes well. But now the decision is made, let us hope for the best. An upward movement of prices in the United States is not improbable. There never was a moment at which "sentiment," as distinguished from technical conditions, was more important. The public and the business world of the United States are keeping in the form of bank deposits much more purchasing power than they have ever kept in this form previously, and enormously more than their convenience requires. Nothing is necessary to raise prices except that they should spend these funds or invest them in some other way; and there is nothing but the "sentiment" of these depositors to hinder this. Once the mysterious spring is released which now holds them back, sterling might soon be worth par without any change in the level of sterling prices. It may even happen that our return to the gold standard may be, itself, the impulse which will release this spring of action.

The gold standard party have had behind them much that is not only respectable but is also worthy of respect. The state of mind which likes to stick to the straight, old-fashioned course, rather regard-

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less of the pleasure or pain and of the ease or difficulty of the passing situation, and quite regardless of particular interests and of anything except the public good as they understand it, is not to be despised. How much preferable is this mentality to that of the financiers of France! But it is a state of mind, all the same, whose unsensationalism may deteriorate into an easy, ill-founded optimism, and whose conservatism fails to notice how facts and theories are changing. This is the party of those who, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "without the instigation of personal malice, treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical; and look upon every endeavor to depart from the beaten track as the rash effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering speculation of an exalted mind, that may please and dazzle for the time, but can produce no real or lasting advantage." Yet good new ideas are the most important thing in the world; and there is no economic field in which they can do more practical good than in that of currency and credit.

J. M. KEYNES.

London.

Sargent

TO die at the age of sixty-nine is nowadays to die young. Sargent's death came too soon, otherwise it was the most enviable one could imagine. To spend the day in work and amusement, dine with old friends, go to bed betimes with a volume of Voltaire, feel oneself dropping off to sleep and so drop off for good, is I suppose the sort of end most civilized people would wish for themselves. And Sargent deserved it. All his life he stood for intelligence, taste and humanity. He lived like a gentleman, and he deserved to die like one, with a volume of Voltaire lying open before him.

De mortuis nil, etc.; about Sargent the cultivated and courteous man of the world, the loyal friend, the generous patron, nothing but good is likely to be said, no evil can. About his work it is perhaps not the time to speak plainly. And yet, the fulsome praise heaped on it by the English press, and by the American too, for all I know, does make it proper I think for a critic to say here and now a word or two in moderation. One should not give extravagance too long a start. Sargent is dead, and the dead assuredly have their rights: but art lives, and the living have theirs also.

Sargent was neither a great artist nor a great painter. He was a brilliant observer and a dexterous craftsman. When the Wertheimer portraits were hung together in the National Gallery—where they never should have been hung—the chinks and crannies in the corners of the room were stuffed up with older pictures amongst which was a small portrait by Lawrence. I have never much admired Sir Thomas; indeed, it was this juxtaposition which first made me realize that there was anything to admire in him. Beside Sargent he looked surprisingly an artist. In his small way, one realized, Lawrence was a creator, whereas Sargent was only an observer and a recorder. The Lawrence portrait had a quiet little life of its own; the Sargent existed only in relation to its subject.

There is nothing like disappointment for making one unfair, so one is likely to be unfair to Sargent. To his contemporaries the disappointment must have been bitter indeed. That portrait of Madame Gautreau must have seemed in the eighties to give promise of something very different from Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth. The influence of Manet and Degas—the good genii of his life—still mitigated that of his official master Carolus Durand. And for some years the influence of Manet persisted, making itself felt unexpectedly in a sudden beauty of paint; while that of Degas is discoverable often in the precision and rapidity with which impressions are noted. The acute vision which seized those impressions is, of course, Sargent's own entirely; also it is his most remarkable possession. Even Derain, I remember, supping in a room furnished throughout with Sargent portraits, exclaimed humorously but not without a touch of admiration, "Quel oeil." This sharp vision, combined as it was with remarkable dexterity, and served by intelligence and culture, might, in happier circumstances, have given the world an American Degas. Probably it was the fault, firstly of Carolus Durand, and then of his early patrons, that the world got nothing better than an inferior Raeburn. It was the joint pressure of cultivated clients and Durand's teaching and example which made of a potential artist a highly competent, and highly successful, professional portrait painter.

If I am right, Sargent's progress should have been along the path that Degas and Lautrei were pursuing. That was the direction in which both his temperament and technical gifts seemed to point. He chose instead to become a professional portrait painter; and when, bored with success at the age of thirty, he tried for a moment to be an artist again, he could think of nothing better than to attempt with the help of the French Impressionists to paint in the spirit of English poetry. The result was what might have been expected: it was neither Renoir nor Tennyson, but it was pretty. Hanging in the Tate Gallery, Carnation Lily, Lily Rose is said to have earned from Whistler the comment "Darnation silly, silly pose." What is more, the comment was not unjustifiable. The picture is a pose because it is not true to the author's temperament.

Sargent, the most loyal of friends, was not always quite loyal to art. Not very long ago a writer of my acquaintance met him at the table of a vulgar and uneducated woman of importance who had just been taken, by someone who overestimated her intelligence and sensibility, to see a fine collection of modern pictures—Cézannes, Van Goghs, Matisses, etc. Their hostess began to pay out a few of those time-worn imbecilities which are now rarely heard in the houses of even the great: "these painters were charlatans pulling the legs of the public: they could not intend to be taken seriously: they ought to be suppressed." My friend protested and looked across the table to Sargent. Now Sargent may not have liked the pictures of Cézanne and Van Gogh, but he knew very well that these artists were not charlatans. He preferred, however, not to risk vexing his hostess. In this little story there is nothing to Sargent's discredit—only it does show that he was not stirred to indignation by a piece of vulgar insolence which would have made one who took art more seriously say something that he could afterwards have regretted. Delacroix, also, was a delightful and popular man of the world. Can you imagine Delacroix sitting silent while the art of Courbet, with which he had very little sympathy, was outrageously abused by a fool?

CLIVE BELL.

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The Artist at Home

IN Mr. Edmund Wilson's admirable essay on Henry James (the New Republic, May 6) there was an interesting omission. Although Mr. Wilson rejected most of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's arguments, he seemed to accept his one major premise—that an artist gains by immersion in the experience of his own country, and loses, seriously, by exile. Mr. Brooks's description of the vicious circle is that America fails to encourage its artists, places obstacles in their paths, and nowhere offers them adequate nourishment (Mark Twain); and that when they leave America, to seek scenes more propitious, they become anæmic and irrelevant because they are breathing an alien air (Henry James). The significance of a critic is measured by the problems he puts to us, and Mr. Brooks's dilemma is of the first order. Omitting the special case of James, and the equally special case of America, it is worth while to examine the assumption in itself.

A prominent expatriate artist, not an American, startled me once with the assertion that Lincoln and Jack Johnson owed their eminence to the fact that they were both racial outcasts. He insisted, in fact, that they were both Jews. But this fanciful beginning led to a serious thesis: that the great man, and especially the artist, *must* be an outsider in the country in which he works—alien by nationality, by religion, or by a spiritual hostility to his place and time.

It is not necessary to accept this categorical must; but there are enough facts to make this position a good corrective to that of Mr. Brooks. At the present moment five men, each so eminent in his field as to be held great, are working on alien soil: Picasso, Strawinsky, Joyce, Santayana, and Charlie Chaplin—Santayana having characteristically departed from two native shores. The list of exiles of earlier days is also impressive: Landor and Byron and Shelley; Whistler and Heine and Wagner. And if exile is to be taken seriously, what of George Moore and Bernard Shaw?

Logically it is not a matter of State Departments and consular visas, but of *home,* and to an Italian of the Renaissance his city was his home, his real local habitation. He was not, in fact, an Italian so much as a Roman or a Florentine, and if he was an artist he was certain to be called elsewhere to work for years at the orders of a foreign court and in a foreign air. For an artist to pass then from Milan to Rome was a far greater change than for E. A. Robinson to come from Maine to New York, or for Sherwood Anderson to leave Chicago for New Orleans, yet these two remain technically in America. We imagine Shakespeare as rootedly native; but I fancy that Shaw's communication with the life of Dublin is closer than Shakespeare's ever was with the life of Stratford until he returned there to die.

There was a controversy several years ago between André Gide and Maurice Barrès on this theme. Barrès, always eager for the provincial, noted that a tree did not exactly flourish if you were continually pulling it up by the roots. Gide's reply was that your fir and your pine grow rankly in their native soil, but good arboriculture counsels you to transplant a valuable tree at certain times, so that it may suck up nourishment from a variety of soils. So it may be that a certain type of art—folk art most obviously—requires uninterrupted contract with native soil, and that cultivated art is all the better for its shiftings.

An artist with a predatory mind, a Zola, may possess all the facts of a subject, yet lose its soul; and another artist may only begin to possess his country when he has left it behind. The feel, the smell, the tone of Dublin is so definite in Ulysses that Dubliners (with some relief) despair of its being appreciated by outsiders. You may call it a work of nostalgia and explain it by Mr. Joyce's presumable desire to return, by his lack of adjustment to the life of Trieste and Paris. This would be in accordance with that modern psychology which reduces all art to the product of incapacity to act and to maladjustment to reality. But the material is certainly possessed in memory as few such subjects have been held by artists "on the spot," and memory has clarified and sifted and arranged the material as immediate sensation could not.

When we say that an artist ought to stay at home and write about his own people we are really begging a number of questions. What, for example, is the kind of saturation we want a novelist to have? Do we want him to know "facts" or motives? Who, in America, are his own people? And what kind of work are we unconsciously dictating to him? Novels of local color? Or the great American novel? Or a great novel which can be read in Russia as War and Peace is read here? What is it that the local air gives which is so precious: the material for the artist's work? or the sense of security, of belonging, of being wanted and doing something worth doing?

The artist abroad will frequently have the sense of uneasiness which everyone has felt after a long absence from home when very tired and faced with the necessity of a conversation in a foreign tongue. There are psychological malaises not less disquieting, and those who cannot overcome them will eventually find themselves in little café groups on the Left Bank, as provincial Bohemians inevitably find themselves in coteries in South Kensington or Greenwich Village. The good artist who has control of his nerves and of his material is not defeated by a series of small irritations, and his vision of his own world is corrected by his experience of others.

If I were urging all potential novelists to go abroad, I might add that the early maturing of judgment, through comparison of civilizations, is invaluable to the modern novelist who must so master (not flee from) his data as to be able to omit nearly all of it from his work and transmute the rest to his purpose as a writer of fiction. To some artists this fundamental brainwork is superfluous and some cannot bear the shock of violently contrasting impressions. But I feel that a Marin would paint his Maine as well after five years on the Riviera, and that Dreiser's sense of the disorderliness of American life would be more poignantly expressed if he had had any experience of the discipline and comeliness of the pre-war social structure in Europe.

There are many other questions which these involve, and far too many indecisive examples: the Bret Hartes who perish abroad, and the Goethes who flourish at home, the Turgenievs and the Tolstois; and the mediocrities who never desert their doorsteps. We know, in fact, almost nothing of the "favorable environment" until an artist occurs and teaches us. We do not even know whether a "favorable" environment may not be the worst of all because of its lack of resistance to the artist's nature. As for America, we might observe it a little longer and if it still refuses to produce artists we can decide that the situation is really unpropititious, and wonder whether it will not be wholly outside the line of the major arts that we will make our contribution to history.

GILBERT SELDES.

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"On This Site Will be Erected"

WALKING in Varick Street, I am sometimes haunted by the image of St. John's Chapel. When I last saw it, between the Sixth Avenue L and the freight-yards of the Central Railroad, it still maintained, with its harmony of proportion and the distinction of its brown façade, a solitary architectural visage among the faceless buildings that outbulked it. There was still a sign on the door which said, "Seats Free. St. John's Chapel. Trinity Parish"; but the steps and the floor of the portico had been destroyed to make room for the new subway and the fine pillars lifted their tarnished foliation straight from the dirt of the road. Many of the small square panes had been broken in the graceful round-arched windows; the clock-face in the spire had been obliterated and the clock hands were gone. And the old spire itself with its multiplied tiers had commenced to lurch a little, like the mast of a sinking ship. Now, indeed, the office-buildings, the freightyards and the factories have closed over it and swallowed it up, leaving blank monotony like the sea.

One notes the survival on West Fourteenth Street, opposite Hearn's Department Store, of a very large old brown-stone mansion which, despite its dismal and rubbishy color, still displays a striking magnificence. The basement, with its iron-grated windows, rises far above the pavement, so that the front door looks down upon the street from an imposing point of vantage: dark door-panels carved with garlands and rosettes are deeply framed in an elaborate doorway of fluted acanthus-wreathed columns beneath a stone-scrolled pediment; and on either side, two tall windows with smaller pediments—very grand like a French hôtel—open on a gray stone-railed balcony.—One sees the long folding blinds inside—white panels with a fine thread of gold—still quite elegant and clean. On either side of the house. The low stable, which is approached by a driveway to the next street and is guarded in front by a high-paled brown fence; and here an old man works about a stable and attends to the gardening. He is decrepit and, though obviously respectable, has come to look rubbishy like the house. The low stable, which is approached by a drive-way specially delimited by a wrought-iron grill, has a frieze of pigeon-holes, where pigeons still breed, and old-fashioned hairpin-shaped doors which, when they are open, reveal incredible carriages dating from some period when New York was half a provincial town. The lawn itself has gone partially bald and most of the iris-plants which the old man cultivates spring from a hard and barren desert. On the other side of the house, the yard is narrow, walled by the beginning of a block of shops: there is no grass here at all but bare dirt strewn with glass and bits of paper: only thin skeletons of trees lean like overgrown weeds. Two brown oriel windows protrude toward these trees and one can imagine a family of nice city children looking down from the security of their window-seats into the rainy April yard. But there are no children in the windows now nor even any old people. The high flight of steps to the front door has been walled in with a screen of stone, which reaches from the pavement to the sill: it is as if the family had lifted their drawbridge, locked their doors, bolted their windows, and quietly died out in the dark.

In Brooklyn, in the neighborhood of Henry Street, the pleasant pink and red brick houses still represent the generation of Henry Ward Beecher; but an eternal Sunday is on them now; they seem sunk in a final silence. Going out of doors, one may catch a glimpse of a solitary old gentleman moving slowly a great way off; but in general the respectable have disappeared and only the vulgar survive. The empty quiet is broken only by the shouts of shrill Italian children and by incessant mechanical pianos in dingy apartment houses accompanied by human voices as mechanical as they. Along the unlighted side streets at night one gives a berth to abandoned drunkards sprawling out across the pavement from the shadow of darkened doors; and I have known a dead horse to lie for nearly three weeks with no effort made to remove it, only two blocks from the principal post office and scarcely more from the Borough Hall. In the summer, warm sickening fumes from a cheap chocolate factory stagnate the air. At night old women go about the streets poisoning cats, which die with an agony of slow gripes in the areas of respectable houses from which the families have moved away.

So much for the dead: in the East Forties, looking down from a high upper window, one sees the monstrous carcass of the Grand Central, with its wholesale skylights and zinc-livid roofs, stretched out like some segmented seaworm almost unrecognizable as a form of life. Beyond it, appear the upright rectangles of raw yellow or drab brick—yellows without delicacy or brightness, browns without richness or tone—perforated by rectangular windows; blunt truncated meaningless towers; the stiff black fingers of chimneys; a broken scrambling of flat roofs and sharp angles which is yet a compact fitting-in; and then the lead-silver landscape of the river strung across with its skeleton bridge. In the middle distance, the view is overdisplaced, like a pool into which a safe has been dropped, by a hotel of a disagreeable brownish-yellow like a bronchial trochee, so enormous that its bulking forth of cubic acres seems to oppress the very earth of the island, to make it sag, to pin it down. A flock of pigeons fly below in the dull light like bits of waste-paper blown by the wind.

Sitting indoors in New York by day one is aware of mysterious noises—the drilling of granite teeth, the cackling of mechanical birds, the thudding of gigantic iron doors—the collapse of deserted warehouses, the acceleration of avalanches of brick—explosions which are followed by no excitement and pistol-shots which have no consequences. One hears these sounds and goes on with what one is doing in perfect indifference.

EDMUND WILSON.

The End of the World

Quite unexpectedly as Vasserot
the armless ambidextrian was lighting
a match between his great and second toe
and Ralph, the lion, was engaged in biting
the neck of Madam Sossman while the drum
pointed, and Fifi was about to cough
in waltztime swinging Lily by the thumb—
quite unexpectedly the top blew off,

and there, there overhead, there, there, hung over
those thousands of white faces, those dazed eyes,
there in the starless dark the poise, the hover,
there with vast wings across the cancelled skies,
there in the sudden blackness the black pall
of nothing—nothing—nothing—nothing at all.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

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Washington Notes

FROM time to time, Republican politicians who come here, see the President take breakfast or dinner, or go down on the Mayflower, ask before they go away, "Do you think he's going to run again?" The newspapers also speculate now and then on the possibility. In this column a week or so ago, I commented on the suggestion Slemp might even be called into the administration again to organize for 1928.

It ought, however, to be apparent that Mr. Coolidge himself at this time knows no more than anyone else, the answer to that question. If he thinks he can be reelected and can get the renomination he will certainly be a candidate. That is the position and attitude of all Presidents and nearly all other public office holders. Extraordinarily few ever voluntarily retire. There may have been a President in the past who did not want to succeed himself, but just at the moment I cannot think of his name.

Notwithstanding Mr. Coolidge's concededly firm hold upon the public, firmer, I think, now than before his election, it is always possible that before the end of his term he will be the most completely and thoroughly dead President, politically speaking, we ever had. He will either be that or he will be both renominated and reëlected. If they ever turn against Mr. Coolidge in the country, they will turn completely.

With loyal looks plastered upon their pious faces and hands ready to throw high in the air in holy horror at the first hint of such a thing, there are quite a number of leading Republicans privately praying that that "catastrophe" may come to pass. When you think it over, too, while it sounds brutal and bloodthirsty, it really is extremely human. How else is the path to be cleared for the ambitious?

Some of these praying fellows are in the Senate, which fact, when speculations as to the Presidential strength in that body in the next Congress are being indulged in, should be taken into consideration. And by the way, Hiram Johnson is not one of the Senators whom I refer to above.

This slogan of "South and West" against the East, which, following the lead of the Bryan brothers, has been adopted by some of W. G. McAdoo's friends is of course extremely foolish and therefore typical of that Democratic party just now. It does however serve to accentuate and call attention to an unique and interesting situation in our government which is just beginning to be appreciated.

The fact is that under our system of elections by which each State has representation in the electoral college proportionate to its population but has only two members of the Senate, regardless of the number of its inhabitants, we have reached the stage where it seems likely that the East, except by a fluke, will almost always control the Presidency, and a combination of West and South be able at all times to control the Senate. West of the Missouri River there are only sixteen million people but they are represented by thirty-four Senators in the Senate. Add to that number the representatives from the South and it is easy enough to see where the control of Congress really lies.

The tendency of the East is conservative and wet; the tendencies of the South and West are progressive and dry. It can be seen therefore that with a President representing one section and the majority of the Senate always from the others the situation is one in which deadlocks will be frequent and inevitable. If the idea to which I have referred should prevail and the East be driven out of the party, it is hard to see how the West and South are ever to elect a President. There are not 261 electoral votes in all the western and southern states that could possibly be garnered by the Democrats. But logic is not their long suit.

That "West and South" slogan does raise some interesting speculations. Is not the actual cleavage among the Democrats really a sectional one, and are not the Republicans in a fair way to split along similar sectional lines? And is not the country too doggoned big to be governed well and wisely from Washington, anyhow? Wouldn't it be better to split it into two halves, or three thirds, or something like that? "Treason! treason!" I hear them shout. Hold on a minute, boys, I was only joking—but honestly is there not some merit in the idea—at least for the purposes of an academic argument?

One day, lately, the President of the United States found himself at the dinner table next to the "Snow Baby," to wit, the daughter of Admiral Peary, who, by reason of being born in the arctic several years ago, acquired that title and never has lost it. The silence of the tropic or perhaps her father's taciturnity or possibly a woman's intuition caused the young matron to address Mr. Coolidge thus:

"Mr. President, I am in entire sympathy with your feeling that you do not like to talk. I understand exactly how you feel. You wish to be talked to. I was brought up with people who wanted to be talked to and I am going to spend the next half hour talking to you. I shall not ask you to comment on anything I say nor to reply to any questions for I shall not ask you any." Whereupon the young woman cut loose and talked, Mr. Coolidge maintaining his usual sphinxlike attitude. She talked about her children and her nieces, of her garden and interests. She talked of her own and her father's experiences in the arctic regions and she told him of the latest chitter-chatter of the social world. When the time was up she announced that she was through and would seek another victim. The story is interesting in its sequel.

In a day or so an invitation was delivered by hand to the "Snow Baby's" residence. She was urged to come to the White House for another social function. But a young niece seized upon the official document and in a spirit of good natured mischief hid it from her aunt so that it was discovered only after the event had passed. No acknowledgment had been made and no attendance. "That is the last of our White House invitations," commented the young woman. But no, presently another invitation came to attend a musicale. This was received and duly acknowledged and when the recipient again met the President she apologized and explained the circumstances of the previous incident and expressed pleasure that she had been invited a second time. Whereupon Mr. Coolidge became loquacious and confidential: "I asked Mrs. Coolidge to send that," said he.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Middle West Youth in Revolt

SIR: Can it be that the influence of the New Republic is taking hold of the Middle West? Last Friday evening the Thirtieth Interstate Oratorical Contest among the Normal Schools of Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri was held here. One speaker, in discussing the problems of youth, said:

> Such is the picture of our inheritance that has been repeatedly presented to us during the past few years. . . . Out of the unknown places, the cries of our present-day Jeremiahs have come to our ears in no faltering accents. By books, by periodicals, and by speakers, their warnings have been echoed. . . . In the face of all these premonitions, only the fool shrugs his shoulders and turns away. It is altogether fitting, then, that you and I should here, on the threshold of our lives, face these facts concerning the world into which we are about to go.

After pointing to some of these facts, the speaker continued:

> This is our world, helplessly confusing the implements of its own destruction with the saviors of its salvation. This is our heritage, and out from the years of youth, into the very midst, you and I are steadily being drawn, whether we will or not. And not because we are ignorant of the highly charged atmosphere of our surroundings, but more because we are appalled and stunned by the task at hand, many of us seem to our elders to be standing like Nero, fiddling while Rome burns. The temerity of our forefathers who have created for us this legacy of chaos, has filled us with an amazement which we are too blasé to show. Hence we paint our lips a little redder, sing our jazz a little more jauntily, and break conventions a little more readily, in order that we may shut out from our own ears what our own hearts are crying:
>
> "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite
> That ever I was born to set it right."

Concluding with the idea that these conditions challenged the youth of today, the speaker closed with the following optimistic appeal:

> The time is ripe for a great disaster, or a great awakening. Institutions are already throwing off their fetters. Men and women wait but for the voice of confidence and assurance that shall with intelligence lead them into a new day. Here in this group is the possibility of that clear-sighted leadership such as the world now needs. Our generation was born to set things right. I welcome you, my fellow students, to a grim, but glorious struggle. You will come with knowledge. You will come with resourcefulness. You will come with devotion. And our day will yet be saved. This is the challenge of our time. This is the supreme adventure of our generation.

After this oration, written much after the style of a New Republic editor and with outstanding ear-marks of the New Republic idea, was delivered to a Missouri audience, not by a pompous or bombastic hundred percenter, but by a plain, sincere schoolgirl from Wisconsin, a group of judges from various parts of the Mississippi Valley pronounced it the winning oration.

RUSH H. LIMBAUGH.

Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Success to the Lincoln School

SIR: I read with great satisfaction Mr. Kallen's article The American Public School. The clear-cut analysis of teaching "as is," as tragically distinct from teaching as we so delight flatteringly to prattle about it, is especially gratifying.

However, may I voice an emphatic contra to one of Mr. Kallen's views? He refers to the success of Lincoln School—and others—as nil on the educational system generally. If the work of that school stopped with its own student body, that statement could scarcely be challenged. But I am compelled to wonder if Mr. Kallen is aware that the work of the leaders at Lincoln School is broadcast to a vast majority of our "teacher factories" throughout the country. And that there they are highly prized, frequently followed and passed on to that vast group—"novices out of normal school." Hence I would conclude that the work of Lincoln School—and others—is of *most hopeful* effect on the whole system.

To be sure, much of that fine seed falls on stony ground, worse than shale. I would not be too optimistic, but "investigation" as apart from "belief" surely gets national impetus from our leading experimental schools. And the whole may yet be leaven.

VELL B. CHAMBERLIN.

Ypsilanti, Mich.

What the States Can Do

SIR: The New Republic's reply to my communication on States' Rights and the Colorado Project makes these points that would seem to call for an answer.

1. You say that there should be an "attempt to employ the federal government to introduce a desirable element lacking in the result of state negotiations." To this the governmental mechanism requisite for the formation of an interstate compact is the answer. The Constitution necessitates the assent of Congress to any such agreement, and in this fact lies a guarantee of national protection, supervision and supplemental action. The Colorado River Compact is, perhaps, the best illustrative reply.

The negotiations were not only participated in but practically conducted by Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce, an expert engineer and a proper representative of the United States, adequately equipped to further state action by federal suggestion. Consequently the implication that interstate compacts imply exclusive action by states is erroneous; it is just upon the desired supplemental federal action that their validity depends.

Of course, one not in the "know" as to plans secreted in the Reclamation Bureau can make no estimate as to their value, but it would seem that such plans should be translated into action through the joint negotiations that lie at the basis of interstate compacts. On the closing day of this year's session Congress gave its assent to compacts which might be negotiated between the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana for the equitable apportionment of the water supply of the Columbia River, adding as a condition that members from the Department of the Interior and the War Department should participate in the negotiations as representatives of the United States. Inferentially this adoption of the same mechanism of interstate compact for the solution of a similar problem gives an inkling as to Congress's judgment upon whether the Colorado Compact is an "obvious failure."

2. You assert that the states will be unable to finance the necessary hydraulic projects. This can be traversed directly. There is no evidence that this is the case, and in the face of expert testimony indicating the prospective financial success of any such undertaking, the assumptions would lead to a contrary conclusion. Further, the compact is not exclusive of such federal action as may be deemed necessary, but rather a foundation upon which the Swing-Johnson Bill or other plans for the Boulder Canyon project could best proceed.

3. You picture the Imperial Valley settlers in a precarious situation calling for immediate relief. This is simply an argument as to promptness of action and, as I have already pointed out, promptness is a virtue more readily found in state legislatures than in a national Congress. After all, the Colorado Compact has been before the states for ratification for only two years.

J. M. LANDIS.

Cambridge, Mass.

[A brief further comment seems to be necessary; with this we shall leave the issue between Mr. Landis and the New Republic to our readers.]

1. The participation of the federal government in the negotiations among the states leading to the proposed Colorado Compact was not sufficient to obviate the defects previously noted. Proper action by Congress in passing a development bill could remedy these defects. We favor such action.

2. There is the best of evidence that the states in question cannot finance the proposed development projects. It may be found in the Wyoming constitutional prohibition against bond issues for public improvements, and in the size of the Arizona budget, which would not permit the necessary interest payments until the projects began to pay for themselves or if they should fail to do so.

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3. Promptness of action in this case is not likely to be obtained by ratification of the Colorado compact by the states concerned; it may be obtained through the passage by Congress of the Swing-Johnson or a similar bill with desirable modifications. We favor an attempt to secure such passage.—THE EDITORS.]

A Correction

SIR: Perhaps confused by the season, my autumnal verses, The Burning Bush, appeared in the New Republic of May 6 with the most astonishing transformations. I insist upon opposing my versions to the typesetter's:

His: The son's gold fingers grope
Mine: The sun's gold fingers grope

His: A warning flame that flickers from scarlet to coral
Mine: A waning flame that flickers from scarlet to coral

I also want to chop the tail off one of his commas, and make it a period.

MARIAN STORM.

New York, N. Y.

Love for Love

SIR: Your readers are under obligation to Mr. Robert Littell for his pleasing comments upon the recent production of Congreve's Love for Love. Those who, like myself, have made a study of this literature can appreciate how well Mr. Littell understands the brilliant wit and the era, vanished forever, in which he lived. It is impossible to reproduce—and I have several times seen it attempted—the peculiar flavor or, so to speak, aroma of the comic dramatists of that period. They had, in truth, only wit, little humor, and no soul. Having read them over again in recent years, I am convinced that the best of them after all is Cibber's The Careless Husband. The worst that can be said of all these dramatists is that they ruined Sheridan, who, possessing an infinite fund of humor, was led off by imitation of them to "wit's false mirror."

FREDERICK BAUSMAN.

Seattle, Wash.

Longevity of Cutting Tools

SIR: In his review of Edward Eyre Hunt's Scientific Management Since Taylor, under the heading of The Momentum of Taylorism, Stuart Chase in the New Republic of March 25 makes the great error of referring to Mr. Taylor as "that extraordinary man, who discovered that the most efficient life of a cutting tool was twenty minutes," an error that should not be allowed to pass uncorrected. No, Mr. Taylor made no such discovery. On the other hand, he did discover, with the assistance of the writer, that the most efficient life of the least expensive form of cutting tool, a small lathe tool, is not less than an hour, and varies all the way from this to many hours for such expensive cutting tools as milling cutters.

The twenty minutes that Mr. Chase has erroneously referred to as the most efficient life of a cutting tool, was the "standard time" adopted by Mr. Taylor early in the eighties of the last century as an economical life of tools to be used in his experiments. This had no true scientific basis; but after numerous preliminary experiments Mr. Taylor concluded that, in running his experimental tools longer than twenty minutes, he would cut up more material than necessary to get reliable results, while by running them enough faster to give out in less than twenty minutes, he concluded that small variations in the hardness of the material experimented on and the lack of perfect uniformity in the efficiency of a group of tools treated ostensibly alike, would affect the results more than allowable. But this was with the old carbon tools of that day; while the writer who made all the final experiments with the new high-speed tools for Mr. Taylor, demonstrated that less time, perhaps down to ten minutes, would answer. And this because a group of high-speed tools similarly treated turn out far more uniform than the old carbon tools of the period referred to. In addition to this, the evidences of the "death" of a high-speed tool is much more marked than for a carbon tool.

CARL G. BARTH.

New Haven, Conn.

Those Naval Manoeuvres

SIR: Your readers may be interested in the following petition addressed to the President and signed by twenty-eight members of the Conference on Western Civilization and the Religion of Jesus, which has just concluded its sessions in Columbus, Ohio.

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

Ravinia, Ill.

[Enclosure]

To the President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Mr. President:

The undersigned, members of the Conference on Western Civilization and the Religion of Jesus, meeting in Columbus, Ohio, representing many denominations and different economic and political affiliations, are united in expressing to you their very deep concern at the declared intention of the Navy Department, without debate in or authorization by the Congress, to conduct extensive and extremely costly naval manœuvres in the Pacific this summer, and to send the united American fleets on a voyage to Australia—a voyage which, in view of a recent unnecessary and unfortunate affront to the sensibilities of the Japanese nation, and of the settled non-European exclusion policy of Australia, cannot fail to bear in their eyes a very sinister significance, and to provoke further misunderstanding and the spirit of alarm and retaliation. . . .

. . . . The undersigned citizens of the United States respectfully request you to disapprove and forbid the execution of the announced plan of the Navy Department. . . . It is entirely unnecessary to send a fleet of battleships to Australia to demonstrate American amity with the citizens of that dominion with whom we have long been in mutually beneficial commercial relations.

. . . . It is our conviction that lasting peace with Japan, as with all nations, is the settled policy and dearest wish of the American people, and that this desire and their security can be effectuated only by careful abstention from all official acts and policies capable of being construed as aggressively selfish or menacing, and by steadfastly determining to take all those measures and acts in their churches and legislatures, and by their executive officials, which are necessary to excommunicate and outlaw the abomination of warfare and the prevailing legalized but infamous and totally un-christian war-system of the world.

Cornell Hewson, R. Niebuhr, Gilbert W. Gerhold, Mason Crook, Thomas Q. Harrison, Gladys K. Harrison, Geo. R. Bell, Howard D. McGrath, Roberta White, John Flucke, Ava Hilbert, Philip C. Edwards, Richard A. Morford, Horace Champney, Elmer F. Cope, Oscar M. Adam, Ralph C. Abele, Theodore Neiner, Jonathan B. Hawk, Leland C. DeVinney, Mrs. Mary Sackett Hawk, Edward W. Evans, W. B. Spofford, Paul Hutchinson, Evans A. Worthley, William W. Scott, Edward Hachtel, H. T. Sutton, Brent Dow Allinson.

Columbus, Ohio.

Heroes of Peace

SIR: Long ago William James called attention to the strong pull of military heroism upon the emotions of mankind. Memorial Day, as now celebrated, appeals to and strengthens the reverence of mankind for the victims of battle. Can that stream of sentiment be divided, so that some of the sentiment sanctioned by classic writers and historians may flow to the heroes of peace?

On May 30 of each year a number of residents of Cincinnati go to Spring Grove Cemetery to strew flowers on the graves of Heroes of Social Construction. Last year the graves of a factory worker, a police officer, a fireman, and a woman who died in childbirth were decorated. The program consisted of prayer, a commemorative address, and readings, participated in by college students, ministers of Jewish and Christian churches, college professors, and a sprinkling of citizens of various occupations, beliefs, and races.

The solemn performance of a ritual of this kind is one way to foster in the community a desire and will for peace. Groups in other localities are urged to institute similar exercises. A detailed description of the exercises of last year was published in Unity, June 19, 1924. The forthcoming Bulletin of the Cincinnati Peace League will contain a statement of the significance of the memorial ceremony. Those who are interested may secure copies by addressing Mrs. A. L. Stix, 2215 Upland Place, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

E. L. TALBERT.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The Greatness of Milton

Milton, Man and Thinker, by Denis Saurat. New York: The Dial Press. $4.

IT is at first somewhat disconcerting to English and American scholarship that the most complete modern interpretation of Milton should come from the mind and pen of a Frenchman. Many years ago Professor Masson collected the facts bearing even remotely on Milton's career, in the monumental Life and Times—in regard to which Lowell remarked that Milton seemed a mere incident in his own biography. Following Masson came a series of short studies by Mark Pattison, Richard Garnett and Sir Walter Raleigh. Since 1917, however, as M. Saurat remarks, there has been a completely new conception of Milton. M. Saurat gives ample credit for bringing it about to the studies of S. B. Liljegren in Sweden, to Professor John S. Smart of Glasgow, and Professors Hanford, Greenlaw, Havens and others in America; but it remains true that his Pensée de Milton, Paris 1920, is the most comprehensive and convincing treatment of the subject, now translated by the author, with important additions, in the present volume. From the new point of view, M. Saurat's primacy in the field is of welcome significance. The characterizing element in the present conception of Milton is that he is no longer considered exclusively or chiefly as an English Puritan, but as a man of the Renaissance. That the complete recognition of Milton's European position and greatness should come from outside his own race and country is natural and gratifying.

Professor J. H. Robinson has pointed out the tendency of successive ages of culture to find representation in figures of comprehensive significance, such as Petrarch in the fourteenth century, Erasmus in the sixteenth, and Voltaire in the eighteenth. Such a figure was Milton in the seventeenth century. He was the last great man of the Renaissance, the last to sum up in a single mind the achievements of the race, and represent the unity and totality of European culture, English, French, Dutch, Italian. He was a man of the Renaissance in his immense and comprehensive learning, Christian, Classical, Hebrew. He knew practically everything to be known worth knowing. He shared the reverence of the movement for authority, but as M. Saurat shows, the chains of tradition rested always more lightly upon him, and in Paradise Lost he was to set forth an ontology which anticipates nineteenth century philosophy, a cosmology which makes room for the discoveries of science. He thus represents the double aspect of the Renaissance, in which it absorbed the past, and set the human spirit free to soar freely toward the future. He was a man of the Renaissance in his respect for man and mind, which shows itself in his high and dignified conception of his own personality, his constant striving toward integrity. He was a man of the Renaissance in his early delight in the world about him, in nature and in art, in music, drama, literature.

Milton's susceptibility to sex as revealed in his Latin epistles and Italian sonnets has not escaped M. Saurat. He notes that the Fall of Adam is really a yielding wholly chivalrous to the charm of Eve, against his own reason. He ventures the assertion that Paradise Lost is not without a hero to match the overwhelming magnificence of Satan. The hero is Milton, and the old myth, partly Biblical and partly rabbinical in source, is a fable of the fall and regeneration which is the eternal drama of passion and reason, played in the life of everyman, and developed to heroic proportions in Milton himself. The autobiographical element is seen still more clearly in Paradise Regained which M. Saurat unduly depreciates. Apart from the rather priggish identification of the youth of Jesus with the poet's own boyhood, the whole poem is to be read as an allegory of the peculiar temptations of the Renaissance, of sense and art, of power, political and intellectual, which Milton had known, and conquered in the name of what was most precious to him, his integrity. And finally the story of Samson is Milton's own—his defeat and humiliation before his fellow men who had turned apostate, his victory. Read in this way the great poems become more than an expression of Christian mythology now outgrown, and reveal a psychology and ethics modern because applicable to the career of human nature in every age.

M. Saurat shows admirably the growth of Milton's thought. In his philosophy, the notion of the Trinity gave way to a concept of unity, a God who is all and in all, not a spirit distinct from matter, but matter itself. He believed no longer in the soul apart from the body. He might have used Mr. Santayana's words: "Spirit with knowledge and all its other prerogatives is intrinsically and altogether a function of animal life, so that if it were not lodged in some body and expressive of its rhythms and relations, spirit would not exist at all." He passed beyond the theological notions of original sin and a vicarious atonement, both contrary to his own conception of the dignity of manhood. He gave little attention to the incarnation, crucifixion, and resurrection. The real incarnation is the engrafting of Christ, the divine Reason, in the regenerated. Similarly he passed from the predestination which he had been taught in youth to free will. "Being is freedom"; hence liberty is the most precious of human attributes. It is by liberty, by freedom of choice, that the mind lives and rules. Acquiescence in dogma is death. According to the Areopagitica, "A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy." Liberty is the essence of politics. "Government is only a necessary evil," summarizes M. Saurat, "therefore there must be as little as possible. The best government is that which governs least." The chief function of government is to ensure free discussion in order to nullify propaganda. "If you permit the free discussion of truth," says Milton in his Second Defence, "without any hazard to the author, or any subjection to the caprice of an individual, which is the best way to make truth flourish and knowledge abound, the censure of the half-learned, the envy, the pusillanimity, or the prejudice which measure the discoveries of others . . . will be prevented from doling out information to us according to their own arbitrary choice." So far Milton's Areopagitica and Second Defence read like the pages of John Stuart Mill's Liberty—the textbook of liberalism in the nineteenth century. But liberty with Milton is first of all an inward matter, the reason which refuses to yield to passion. "Know that to be free is the same thing as to be pious, to be wise, to be temperate and just, to be frugal and abstinent, and lastly, to be magnanimous and brave; so to be the opposite of all these is to be the same as to be a slave."

The chief additions which M. Saurat has made to his earlier work, La Pensée de Milton, are in his account of the sources of Milton's thought. Critics have made much of parallels between Paradise Lost and such contemporary works as Vondel's Lucifer, Grotius's Adamus Exul,

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Andreini's Adamo, and Salandra's Adamo Caduto. These parallels do not lead far it is true, but it seems strange that M. Saurat makes no mention of Adamus Exul, which contains the original sketch of Milton's Lucifer, and in which the psychology of the temptation and of the reconciliation of Adam and Eve after the Fall furnished many suggestions for the treatment of these matters in Paradise Lost. M. Saurat has, however, made a discovery of first-rate importance. The suggestion of Mr. A. R. Orage that Blake and Milton might have derived their philosophy from a common source turned M. Saurat's attention to the Kabbalah, and he is now able to show Milton's considerable dependence upon the Zohar, a transcript of Jewish tradition made in Spain in the thirteenth century. To this source Milton was indebted for certain leading ideas; particularly that of the creation as a "retraction" of God, leaving a portion of himself free to act according to latent impulses, thus making a place for free will in the midst of pantheism; and also, M. Saurat thinks, for his view of the sexual principle and of woman. Milton's obligation to Robert Fludd, a contemporary student of the Kabbalah, is developed, particularly in the identification of the original matter of creation with light in the magnificent beginning of Book III of Paradise Lost. And finally, M. Saurat adds extremely interesting conjectures as to Milton's relations with the various sects, Mortalists and Fifth Monarchy Men, who testify to the "quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse," which Milton celebrates as characteristic of England of the Commonwealth.

After M. Saurat's book little remains of the Puritan Milton of convention. Instead emerges a world mind of far greater scope and more varied meaning. And in place of Milton as the supplement to the Bible and popularizer of Christian mythology we have one of the great philosophic poets, to be ranked with Lucretius, Dante and Goethe.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Rolling Mark Hopkins's Log

College, by John Palmer Gavit. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. pp. 342. $2.

The American Arts College: A Limited Survey, by Frederick J. Kelly, with the aid of a subvention from the Commonwealth Fund of New York. New York: The Macmillan Company. pp. 200. $2.

A Study of the Liberal College: A Report to the President of Dartmouth College, by Leon B. Richardson. Hanover, New Hampshire: Dartmouth College. pp. 150. $1.50.

THE obscurity of educational problems and the patent superficiality of most discussions of them are both due to a simple and yet fundamental fact: every educational problem is at bottom an intellectual problem. Behind the administrative system there is an intellectual objective. It is easy to see that our common schools, for instance, teem with confusions, clank and grind and chatter like a badly articulated machine, and it is scarcely more difficult to propose modifications of the system to reduce a roar or eliminate a squeak. The science of pedagogy, with its scales and tests, its frequency curves and its charts for the ideal distribution of the plumbing in school buildings, has both succeeded and failed at just this point. Because the physical articulation of the schools is obvious and accessible, pedagogy has been able to subject it to searching study and even reduce it to a highly elaborated system. What a superintendent should do about engaging teachers, what a school board should provide for by way of "parent-teacher contacts," you may learn in any one of a score of universities. Why, then, are men like Dewey and Meiklejohn, who have never devised so much as a point scale for standardizing correctness of posture in janitors, famous beyond all the educational statisticians for their contribution to American education?

The answer is: because they are philosophers. After all the pedagogues have had their day and everything has been measured on a scale of a hundred, the fact remains that education is a technique for the transmission of intellectual content. If the content is wrong, the education is wrong—no matter how efficient. Professor Dewey's pedagogy is usually summarized as the organization of school work about the natural life and interests of the child, and this seems to many people to mean that children should be allowed to walk about the schoolroom instead of sitting all day in a catatonic "first position." But it doesn't. Its primary importance lies in what is taught. Dewey's criterion (the actualities of the pupil's life) exhibits at once that most of what we have been trying to inculcate is junk, and most of what the children need to know has never been mentioned inside the sacred walls. But—and this is the sad but primal truth—no one can either know this or undertake to deal with it who is not blessed with the intellectual sensitiveness and catholicity of the philosopher.

This is true of every school. But it is particularly true of colleges (and universities). If the ordinary, machine-made intellect cannot see the educational content of the common schools in the perspective of human experience generally, how much the less can it take in the intellectual materials with which college deals? We may as well admit at once that even among university faculties, even among college administrators (who for all that is said against them are not deliberately selected for their stupidity), any general conception of what knowledge is of the most worth is a very great rarity indeed. In these three books, each one representing a long and careful investigation, there is practically no trace of it. Three public institutions, the New York Evening Post (under Gay), the Commonwealth Fund of New York, and Dartmouth College, subsidized the efforts of three capable and energetic men selected for their special fitness for the job of studying the college. And there have emerged three studies containing not one single trace of intellectual appreciation of what it means to know, of what there is, today, to be understood, of the relation of the higher pedagogy to what is to be known. Indeed, I shall be severely blamed for implying that these investigators could be expected to harbor ideas in a field so wide and general and so remote, if I will only be sensible, from the question whether a college ought to be large or small and the question whether more courses should be required or more elective.

This is not, of course, to pass judgment on these studies. No doubt they are excellent, each in its little corner. Mr. Gavit's is the most superficial and therefore the most "interesting." Admittedly a layman with the journalist's eye for picturesque detail and human interest and yet with a very special human interest of his own in seeing beneath the glitter of professorial rhetoric and the hustle of undergraduate affairs, he has gone about from one college to another talking with students and faculty, challenging both

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and prying into each. The result is a vivid and yet restrained and sympathetic account of the general confusion and unrest. Mr. Gavit has viewed the college neither with alarm nor with complacence, but, perhaps, with great hope and suspended judgment. His book should certainly arouse the unsophisticated, but it will not rescue the perplexed. The author begins and ends an intellectual outsider.

Dean Kelly's work was done on another plane, that of the educational survey. As such it appears to be competent. All the established methods of measurement are described and their known results resumed and tabulated. The general conclusion is that the college student should be better looked after. Intellectually, of course. As a means of establishing an objective performance standard Dean Kelly recommends that a few thousand readers of the Literary Digest be asked to submit the names of persons whom they regard as effectively educated. These should then be asked to divulge what education they obtained, and how they now evaluate it. "By this means it is hoped that an analysis giving proper weightings to the qualities which go to make up culture could be established." The expectation seems not unreasonable. The only question is, what then? A greater output of readers of the Literary Digest?

The case of Dartmouth College is quite different. In many ways during the last few years President Hopkins and his colleagues have indicated their intention of giving collegiate education a thorough overhauling. No doubt is possible of their sincerity or of their determination. They know—President Hopkins has said so; a committee of seniors said so in the famous report of a year ago; Professor Richardson elaborates the point chapter by chapter—that they are in for a major operation. The only question is: have they a surgeon? President Hopkins himself has inclined to adopt the rôle of father of the family of the patient; he officially authorizes the operation. Professor Richardson is something like the superintending nurse. He has all the instruments sterilized and lying in a shiny row.

He has gathered them all—the classical requirements and the free elective system, the balanced ration and the concentrated major, Princeton tutors and Oxford Greats—a uniquely tnieresting and valuable exhibit.

But the incision has not yet been made. Dartmouth is ready to curb the sporting alumni and the football system. It is prepared to dispense with the "soft snap." It is eager for the intellectual life. Nothing remains but to find out what is the intellectual life. Says Professor Richardson, at the end of a book so eager and sincere as to be really inspiring—"Suggestions: 1. A curriculum based on the theory of capitalizing the interest of the individual." And again: "21. Assignment of teachers to their work on the basis of their tastes and their qualifications." What does this mean? It means, if I have read the book aright, that Professor Richardson has no idea what the students of Dartmouth should study and what the professors should impart. Having no idea, but wishing—oh, so much!—that it may be hard, genuine, productive study, he says let them teach and study thus and so, intimately, genuinely, by personal contact and in mutual confidence (all this being very much to the good so far as the manner of the doing goes) and let them study . . . well, let them study what they will!

But the question, O Best Beloved, is: what are the "interests of the individual" to which education should minister, and what "tastes and qualifications" ought professors to possess? If some philosopher will answer this, the rest will be easy. C. E. A.

Varieties of Literary Experience

The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon, by Richard Connell. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

Variety, by Richard Connell. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

God of Might, by Elias Tobenkin. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

Choice, by Charles Guernon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

My Name is Legion, by Charles Morgan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Little Novels of Sicily, by Giovanni Verga. Translated by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

O'Malley of Shanganagh, by Donn Byrne. New York: The Century Company. $1.25.

THE group of books here reviewed reveals almost every variety of literary aim and method: from the utilitarian ideal of language as the vehicle for ideas or means of diversion, to the æsthetic conception of the Word as the expression or interpreter of Beauty. Between these ends of the scale the gamut runs through the ingenious manipulation of material for the sheer delight of juggling; the summoning of a social situation for judgment; the statement of a theory of life and destiny in the guise of a romance; the parable of spiritual conflict translated into terms of modern life; the representation of material and spiritual conditions in a series of vivid scenes, without comment, compelling response by the mastery of its delineation; and the prose lyric that shows beauty and bitter tragedy in æsthetic harmony.

Richard Connell proves himself in two successive volumes of short stories (The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon, a reprint, and Variety) a master among literary saltimbanques. He turns more clever tricks than you can—or want to—shake a stick at. Most of them are funny tricks—the nimblest and most surprising of comic turns, with dialogue of extra dry quality sparkling through them. Sometimes he presents more substantial feats. In Variety each story has its announcement placard set at the front of the stage—there is the Sentiment Story, the Success Story, the War Story, etc., for the most part in the orthodox O. Henry tradition. The Dramatic Story, Pieces of Silver, has real imaginative quality, and the Mystery Story (though why "mystery" we are at a loss to conjecture, since the plot conceals nothing of the well-staged horror) is as terrifying a tale as we have read in many years, no more artificial than many of Poe's, and packed with suspense to the final sentence. Here we have the end of literature as pure diversion or complete distraction successfully achieved.

Greater contrast in literary purpose and manner could hardly be found than in the work of Elias Tobenkin. His novel, God of Might, presents the tragic situation of a people so directly, simply, and dispassionately that his work might be considered equally valuable as social document or fiction. The story is that of an individual seeking his fortunes outside his group, a group peculiarly tenacious of its members, the Ishmæl among nations, whose spiritual isolation, once its pride, has become its bane in the slow progress of mankind toward fraternity. The force of the tragedy set before us with such moving simplicity in this story is just its author's admission—his revelation—of its inevitability. With no trace of resentment he pronounces sentence on the hopes of his people, dooms the immigrant who

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has seen the Promised Land in the new world to harsh disillusionment—although conceding to this country a degree of tolerance (at least in the early days of Jewish immigration) which comes as balm to liberal sensibilities. The problem of racial isolation and prejudice has furnished literature with many tragedies. There is nothing strikingly new in Tobenkin's theorem, but his statement of it is so unpretentious and candid, he presents so vividly and appealingly points of view little visualized by the untroubled "Nordic," that he makes the fate of his people our immediate reproach.

Choice, by Charles Guernon, is an exposition of the author's philosophy of life and conduct by means of a story which is merely a thin and highly artificial crust over his theories. The device of fiction serves to incite the public appetite, to which the author defers with perfunctory descriptions of personages and hashed situations, but surprises agreeably when the pie is opened and the birds begin to sing—for the dialogue in this curious book is extraordinarily spontaneous, swift and true, incomparably more real than the persons who pronounce it. And fortunately for the reader the book is largely dialogue. The author's psychological bent is obvious throughout. The influence of the brothers James is everywhere apparent, although we could wish that Mr. Guernon had had a clearer vision of either William or Henry before making his Choice.

Another novel surprising as a product of this literary generation is Charles Morgan's fantastic tale, My Name is Legion. As naïvely evangelistic in feeling as the rites of the Salvation Army, it proclaims the ceaseless warfare of flesh and spirit with the trumpet tones of a revelation. The passages in which the author's message is directly spoken ring out with challenging sincerity. The story is ragged, bizarre to the point of tawdriness occasionally, but the theme of a holy war waged unsuccessfully at first, with hatred of evil as a weapon, and then triumphantly under the conquering sign of love, is an interesting one for this tag-end of a materialistic age.

From fiction as the mouthpiece of spiritual discovery we turn to the purely pictorial art of Giovanni Verga. We owe to D. H. Lawrence the admirable translation of Little Novels of Sicily which gives us this series of masterly sketches with Sicilian peasants as subjects, painted with strong, sharp colors and the occasional brutality that characterizes harassed and hardly-won existence. The bitterness of the struggle to survive against ruthless nature and rapacious man, the defiance of rare joys snatched from inexorable hardship, the momentary ease in surcease from pain, the dumb patience of utter hopelessness, are set forth in striking pictures, stark of comment, imperious in their appeal. This is art for art's sake—you do your own drawing of conclusions.

Art as the language of love and beauty is the literary element of Donn Byrne. In O'Malley of Shanganagh it is a luckless love to which he tunes his harp. The familiar lyric quality is here—dangerously close to over-sweetness, just saved by the strength and bitterness of the tragedy that mutters, swells, and at last overwhelms the tale, leaving us suspended on an unfinished discord to foreknow the black end. Curiously, it is the dark side of the book that is most beautiful. We find ourselves with regard to Mr. Byrne in accord with the poet who feared the kisses of the gentle maiden. The Irish romantic inclines to gild the lily when he writes of happy love, but his sorrow's crown of sorrow is noble as well as fair. We need our tragedies made beautiful, and the artist who can find meaning and beauty in pain and reveal it to the world serves not only his art but his fellow man.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

The Social Revolt of '76

The American States during and after the Revolution, 1775-1789 by Allan Nevins. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.

UNTIL the present time the history of the real American Revolution has remained unwritten. We have had innumerable books on the colonial resistance to the British government—the Stamp Act Resolutions, the Boston Tea Party, and all that sort of thing—the proceedings of the Continental Congress; the campaigns of Washington; the war in the South; but almost nothing has been contributed in a large way to the great social revolution which was of much more importance to the world than the separation of the American colonies from the British empire.

A hint of this social revolution is given in the Declaration of Independence in those clauses that have been so inadequately explained by our historians:

> We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

What have such statements to do with the matter of Taxation without Representation, the cry with which the political revolution began? Strictly speaking, very little. Why were these clauses then inserted in a document intended to set forth the grounds of colonial discontent with the English king and Parliament?

The clauses were inserted in the Declaration by that iconoclast and radical, Thomas Jefferson, who was bent on accomplishing a general social revolution in America. Separation from England meant little to the mass of the American people, but it meant much to them that their rights and privileges were extended, that democracy replaced the good old oligarchies that governed the colonies. What Thomas Jefferson put into the Declaration of Independence was really a statement of the discontent of the people of the colonies with their individual governments.

It is not even yet generally understood that the American Revolution was a two-fold movement—a political separation from England led in general by the large land-owners and planters, and an internal revolution in the colonies themselves in which the masses wrested rights from the land-owners and planters who were leading the resistance to England.

The most typical instance of this double revolution occurred in Virginia. There the planters who had governed under the colonial system put down the Tories and malcontents and unified the people in the war against England while at the same time they attempted to retain the colonial constitution unchanged and fought efforts to liberalize it. But Jefferson and his supporters, in an epoch-making struggle, overcame the planters; disestablished the Church of England in Virginia and brought in full religious equality; overthrew the system of primogeniture; reformed the criminal code and abolished the cruel punishments of the English common law; and attempted to equalize representation and to establish free common schools. Jefferson

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also, in later years, aimed attacks at slavery. In many things he failed, but the many things he accomplished helped to inaugurate the modern period. It was Jefferson, as much as any man, that put an end to the feudal system.

These accomplishments, however, were made in Virginia and they are even now unknown to the average reader. In most of the other colonies there were similar movements that righted old wrongs, did away with inequalities, and brought to the masses new rights and privileges. We maintain that the inter-state revolutions were of much greater significance than the war with England because, by means of them, the old authoritative world of the eighteenth century became the modern world. For instance, under the common law in force throughout the British empire all felonies were punishable by hanging. This meant that in the southern colonies a great number of blacks were executed for thefts of the most trifling sort. Jefferson did nothing better than when he stopped this outrage against humanity. Indentured servants were still held as slaves in some colonies; the internal revolution set them free.

In the colonies debtors were put in prison, where they often passed many years of wretchedness. The humanitarian impulse set in motion by the internal revolution led to the abolition of this abuse early in the nineteenth century. While Dickens was painting the unspeakable misery of the debtors in Fleet Street Prison, Americans had done away with the whole system of imprisonment for debt and looked on it as a vestige of the Dark Ages. In other words, this internal revolution led to real equality before the law, to modern representation, to manhood suffrage, to general education—to all the benefits the masses enjoy under our method of government. This was the true revolution, the revolution that in the end brought Europe from under the rule of authority and paved the way for the modern era.

The reason why the story of this mighty revolution has not before been properly told is that it took place within the colonies themselves at a time when great military movements attracted attention from it. State historians in monographs and special studies have brought the facts to light, but up to the present time no general historian has utilized them to advantage. It remained for Mr. Nevins to do this: he has, for the first time, written the history of the American Revolution. He has taken a hundred detached studies and blended them in a book which must rank as one of the most important contributions ever made to American history.

It was an undertaking of exceptional difficulty, but he has accomplished it admirably, writing with sound logic and tracing the development of popular rights stage by stage. He has an excellent chapter on the Transition from Colonies to States; then comes the Emergence of Popular Government; the Writing of the State Constitutions; Political Development in the Middle States and in the Upper and Lower South; Progress in Liberalism and Humanity, as well as valuable chapters on state finance and on the relations of the states to each other and to the federal government.

The book is distinguished by a true historical insight and by moderation of opinion. The manner in which a great mass of source material has been woven into a connected narrative shows admirable mastery of the historian's tools. The style is clear and readable. All in all, Mr. Nevins's book stands as one that nobody who wishes to understand American history can afford to overlook, for only by reading this book or the vast mass of material on which it is based is it possible to obtain an adequate idea of the means by which the colonial world of the Georges became the throbbing, democratic, industrial world we know.

H. J. Eckenrode.

Our Lady of Helplessness

The Western Shore, by Clarkson Crane. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

A SINGULAR intelligence made The Western Shore, and sets the young author apart among the newcomers. In the ranks of American writing there are few visions as curiously objective, sharp and ironical as Mr. Clarkson Crane's. Through personal shrewd seeing and dry notation, his first book stands as the first mature presentation of the material of the American college. Having abstracted several pregnant figures from state university life—for though his scene is Berkeley, his types are true to the great number of democratic schools—Mr. Crane has coolly exposed them in a series of significant related episodes, and discovered where others had found romance and childish fantasy, the outline of a tragedy of youth.

The outline, largely; since full embodiment yields itself only to the balanced intelligence, and that of this new novelist remains a special one, given over to detached, slightly acrid observation. The profundity, the penetration which come of the warmed sensibility do not exist in his forms to a satisfactory degree. Most of his chapters permit us merely to watch the various protagonists: the crude, muddled youth from the hinterland, the college widow half-consciously searching for lovers, the young English instructor grown sick through solitude and cheap misuse, the literary lad conscious of the unique charm of the locality, yet restlessly drawn away by thoughts of Paris and of Yale. What they do is very closely drawn; what their spoken and their hidden thoughts are; the confused order in which these enter consciousness; and the multiple instances in which their minds conceal from them desire and its objective. Mr. Crane is to be congratulated on his sense of badly groping, divided natures. Yet excepting the chapter which pictures the disappointed girl struggling with her choice in the old family home, and the one in which the college widow forgets the odor of a dirty shirt, and starts a new affair, none of the narratives possess essential movement and rhythm. What actually stirs these persons, what is working round in them, what they feel and how they feel it, we are too generally left to infer. It is significant that nowhere do we get a definite statement of what it is that brings the raw crowds yearly to the college grounds, and what it is the younglings expect of the curriculum; and so much of what we term life is to be recorded today only through direct representation of semi-conscious motives and orientations.

None the less, since the observation, the selection, and use of language which went into it are positive factors of unusual quality, The Western Shore has its vitality. With these literary instruments a Californian possessed of some of the values of the great world has begun using his own new materials. The significance of the book is expressed by the title, for it is a picture of the first approach to culture among new people, of spiritual flatlands, and fixation at the edge of the inner realm. If the subject specifically is the life on the Pacific coast about Berkeley, the university days of the rootless youngsters from the far west, the transforma-

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tion of energies in a half-tropical land of languorous suns and gentle fogs, essentially it is the state of the brighter young in an unsettled world-hour, and has an almost national implication. It takes educable men and girls in the year after the Armistice, when the relaxed manners of wartime seemed earnest of a new liberation, and shows them upon a low shore of leisure on which they have at length set foot. Above them, on a hill, there stands the spiritual power represented by the university, the force which might draw men toward depth, intensity, freedom, beauty. But the crowd upon the shore cannot advance. Its most mobile members get no further than a few feet. The attraction emanating from the creature on the hilltop is too weak. Alma Mater is indeed Our Lady of Helplessness. Is it the poverty of the stuff of the crowd that hinders the advance? Or is it the deadness of the thing upon the hill? We are not sure. Only, "the seasons come, the seasons go," but victory against the old habits of existence does not happen. Sluggishness of body, sluggishness of mind, sex—ugliness, the battle for material survival, eventually submerge aspiration in most of the students. The university merely indulges them in a few years of irresponsibility before marriage and business recall them to their conventional shapes; and yearning for "bright college years" and the fraternity bullfests is yearning from marriage and for irresponsibility. The few choicer ones are given no definite shape, and disappear again under the eastern horizon. Life remains bitter from the starvation of healthy and the stimulation of ugly impulses; futile, from meaningless change and succession; and escapes along a shore.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

History of Political Thought

History of Political Thought. By R. G. Gettell. New York: The Century Company. $3.75.

NO one who reads this book through can possibly doubt that Professor Gettell has ample learning and amazing patience; no one, I think equally certainly, can read it without the sense that it is, on the whole, written in a mistaken spirit and on a mistaken method. It attempts, in five hundred crowded pages, to narrate the complete history of political ideas, in their proper historical context, from the dawn of political speculation to the last novelties of 1924. That could be done in two ways. It could be done on the grand scale in a half-dozen stately volumes, after a lifetime's research; and if it were well done, the writer would succeed where Lord Acton failed, for he would have discovered, in the process, the major clues to political freedom. Or it could be done by taking a round score of the great political philosophers, from, say, Plato and Aristotle to Bentham and Hegel, and using their creeds to illustrate the way in which the thought of the representative man is the spiritual autobiography of his time.

Professor Gettell has chosen a middle way. He has sought in these pages not only to set each thinker in his historic environment, but also to omit no thinker whose name an expert could reasonably be expected to know. The result is a list of names and doctrines as formidable as can ever have been brought together in a volume of this size. The result, also, is a book without proportion of any kind, and with the reader's attention continually distracted by the effort to remmber what some unimportant thinker, interesting, indeed, to the specialist, but otherwise irrelevant, had to say. The consequence is that the book becomes, not a history of political ideas, so much as an ample bibliography, almost always well-informed and accurate, but failing to attain its end because the canvas is too crowded to give the ideas the movement of life.

Let me give some illustrations of this criticism. For the whole history of political theory from the earliest times to the birth of Christianity, Professor Gettell has sixty pages. To the middle ages he gives eighty more; from the Reformation to the French Revolution takes him one hundred and sixty; from 1789 to our own days one hundred and eighty. Now these proportions are a little singular. They would be defensible if Professor Gettell used them critically to evaluate the ideas he is studying. But he does no such thing. He is, if I may so phrase it, hardly off with the old love before he is on with the new. He is so urgent in setting out the doctrine of A or B or C that he cannot stop to tell us what each of them is worth or why they happened to think what they did. You cannot really explain Plato in five pages, or Aristotle in eight. You cannot explain the vast influence of Roman law in three pages, or of St. Augustine in two. Hobbes's tremendous philosophy can neither be stated nor understood in four pages; and there is not a word in them which would make the reader see the true explanation of what Hobbes sought to teach. Nothing is gained by two pages on French thought in the seventeenth century in which the Fronde has one line, Vauban three, Fénéton one, Boisguillebert four, and Richelieu two and a half. The two paragraphs on the German Kameralists tell us nothing of real significance and mention four names which no one would ever be th worse for not knowing. To say of John Wilkes and Junius that "they represent the growing demands for liberty on the part of the English people" is not, in any serious way, to do more than add two more names to the list without enlightenment. Nothing is gained by telling us that Taine opposed the doctrine of natural rights without adding that his opposition was a vast historical work written in the gloom of French defeat after 1870. The reader is not helped by being informed that there was a Catholic revival in England in the nineteenth century unless he is taught to link Newman and his friends with Lamennais, De Maistre and Bonald.

I try to think of a really intelligent undergraduate reading this book and seeking to wrest from it a sense of the movement of social thought. He would rise from it, I believe, in hopeless and angry bewilderment. He would know that an enormous number of people held a variety of doctrines without being at all clear why, and without seeing why they held them at some particular time. He would have no conception of the pragmatic character of political speculation. He would be unable to grasp the principle whereby Professor Gettell differentiates the unimportant from the significant. He would not learn why, at every period of social unrest, there is a revival of the doctrine of natural rights. He would not be able to measure the advance in thought represented by the Puritan rebellion, on one side, or the American Revolution on the other. He could not explain to himself why the world, broadly speaking, is still divided into Platonists and Aristotelians. He would not learn why the concept of liberty has enfolded a different substance at each age of the world's history. The theories of Herbert Spencer, as here expounded, would never lead him to suspect that beneath that formidable terminology what in fact spoke was the typical

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voice of English nonconformity, and that Spencer is best understood in the context of Price and Priestly. And I do not believe he would be any the worse for ignorance of the metaphysiological nonsense of Worms and Schäffle and Lilienfeld.

Professor Gettell, if my memory of America serves me truly, had a high reputation as a teacher. I wish he had conceived his own book from that angle. He would, I am sure, see that the work of a textbook is not the statement of wearisome detail but the discovery of principle so outlined as to fascinate the student by the problems it discovers and the inquiries it proposes. It should be instinct with its writer's personality. It should seek to make judgments, to relate cause and effect. That was the secret of the success of Huxley's famous textbooks of William James's Talks to Teachers, of Maitland's Constitutional History of England. It is the secret, I may add, of that which makes the Harvard Law School the outstanding educational experiment in humane studies today. Professor Gettell has immense energy, great enthusiasm of his subject, and an obvious zest for clear statement. I wish he had used these invaluable qualities for the writing of a different book.

H. J. LASKI.

Field's Creative Years

Eugene Field's Creative Years, by Charles H. Dennis. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $4.

MR. DENNIS summered and wintered with Eugene Field; looked up to him from the lowly standpoint of the journalistic novice; later looked on, with a more level gaze, as Field's managing editor and as the responsible overseer of his willful output; collected Fieldiana worshipfully while the collecting was good—or, rather, while Field's careless generosity was operative; and now, discreetly and tastefully, he gives us with copiousness, yet with a clear eye toward arrangement, the essential facts about Field through his conspicuously creative period. How Field lived, how he worked, how he fed himself to maintain the rapid flow of varied invention; how he made himself an object of apprehension to the wide circle of friends and acquaintances who were exposed to his whims and jocularities; how he consolidated his reputation as a bibliophile par excellence; and how he established himself in schools and nurseries as the informal laureate of childhood—all these things are set forth luminously, with full quotations from Field himself, and with a fine appreciation of the influences, Eastern and Western, which made him the blend of rustic and scholar and wag that he was. His niche may not be quite so high nor so wide as some of his admirers profess, but the present book, though somewhat belated, will aid in making his place secure.

HENRY B. FULLER.

More About Instincts

Instinct, A Study in Social Psychology, by L. L. Bernard. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.60.

THE chief contribution of this work to social psychology is an exhaustive study of the ways in which this provoking word "instinct" has been used. The author has collected from the works of several hundred writers—both lay and professional—several thousand concrete "instincts," ranging from "Peter the Great's instinct," to the "instinct of self-preservation." This study, however, is primarily concerned with a use of words. It is a powerful argument for precise terminology, but, of course, the investigation does not deal primarily with the factual data which the word instinct purports to represent.

Bernard defines instinct as a neurological fact (p. 124). Instincts are inherited as unit characters according to Mendelian principles. Anything which appears in the developed organism which was not "determined in and by the chromosomes at the point of fertilization" cannot be considered as an instinct, or instinctive. This interpretation is peculiarly Bernardian. It would be splendid—if it would only work, if only we could know exactly what *was determined in and by the chromosomes at the point of fertilization.*

Running through the entire book, culture, or the "psycho-social environment," is emphasized, and biological equipment is correspondingly depreciated in determination of human conduct.

One wishing to acquaint himself with the literature on instinct, and the present stage of the controversy will find this volume valuable. But those who are looking for a *solution,* must continue to wait and hope.

LESLIE A. WHITE.

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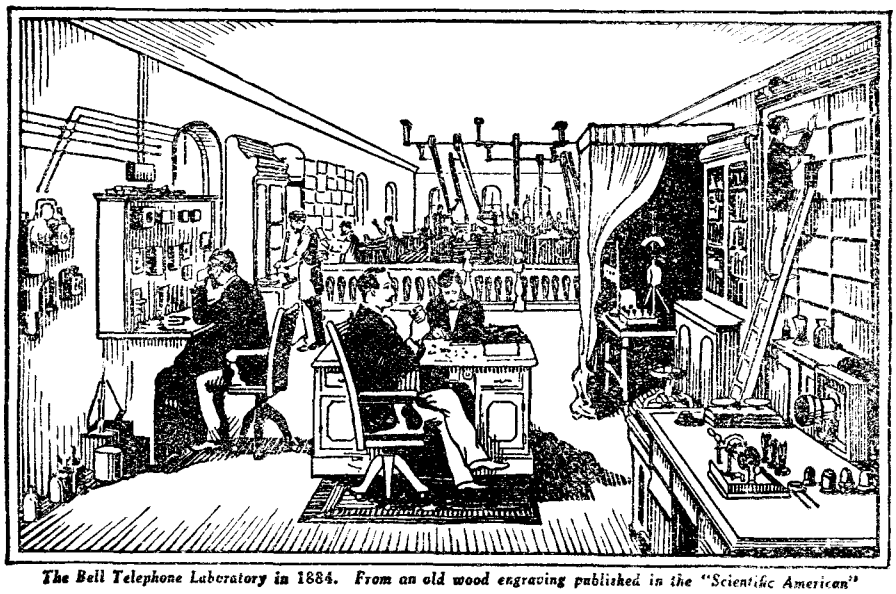

The Bell Telephone Laboratory in 1884. From an old wood engraving published in the "Scientific American"

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